STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 206

28p

BATTLEWAGON

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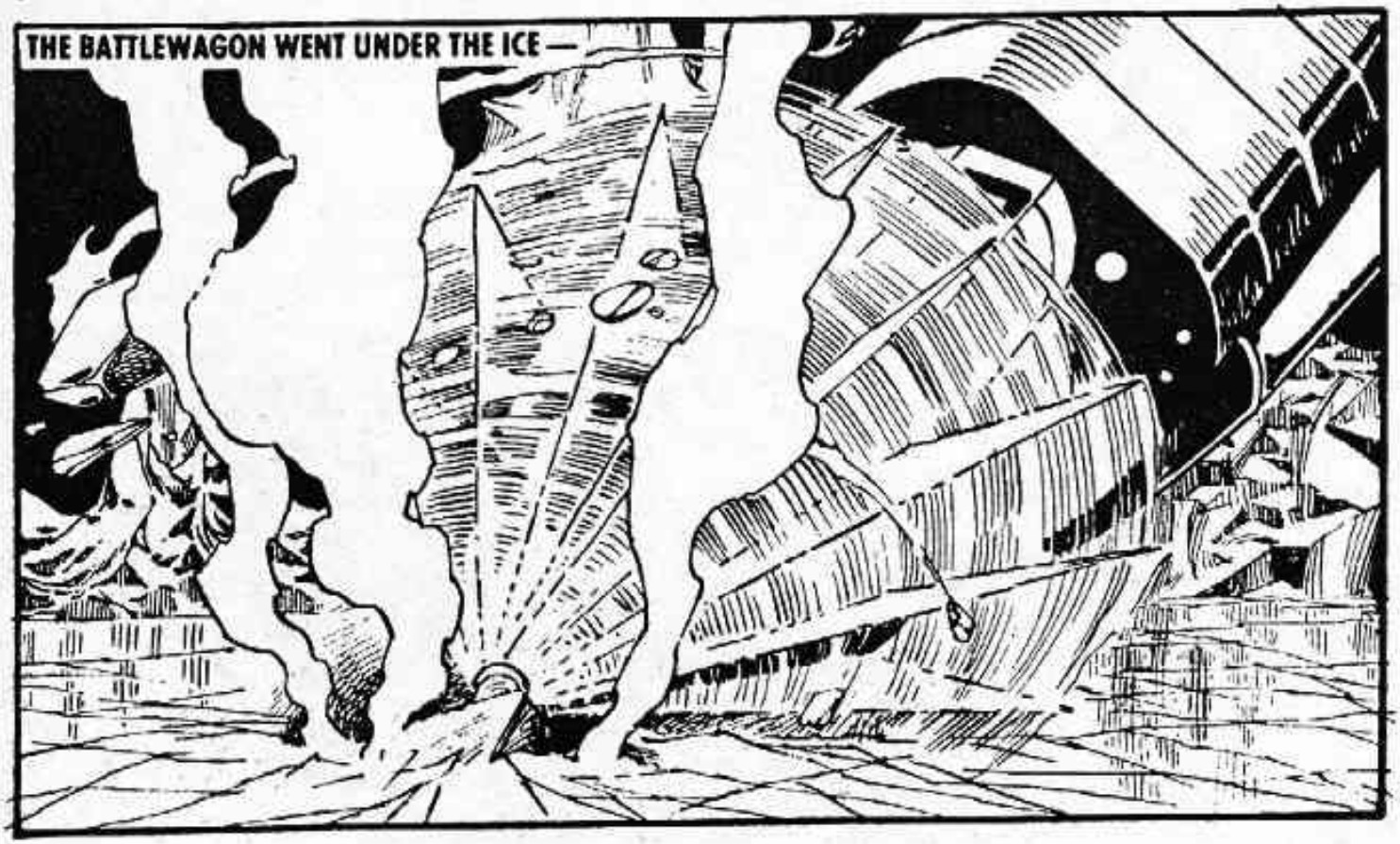
BATTLEWAGON

STILL LACKING THE SCIENCE TO VENTURE BEYOND ITS OWN SOLAR SYSTEM, THE COUNCIL RULING PLANET EARTH HAD TO CONTEND WITH A POPULATION EXPANDING FAR BEYOND THE RECOURCES NECESSARY TO MAINTAIN IT. THIS SITUATION WAS FURTHER COMPLICATED WHEN GANYMEDE, SATELLITE OF THE GIANT JUPITER, BECAME AN ICY BATTLEGROUND AGAINST THE ELUSIVE LIZARDMEN OF E-ERIDANI, A FORCE SAID BY EARTH INTELLIGENCE TO BE BENT ON GALACTIC CONQUEST.

DEEP UNDER THE ICE, IN A TERRAN CONTROL CENTRE —
TWO BATTLEWAGONS BREWING UP, THREE MORE DISABLED, MAJOR. ONLY ONE LEFT IN ACTION.
BUT IT'S SERGEANT MARRIS. HE MIGHT MAKE IT!
H.Q. TO MARRIS. GIVE ME YOUR SITUATION REPORT!
CLOSE UNDER LIZARD CRAG, MAJOR. ABOUT TO BLAST A PATH THROUGH THE OUTER MINEFIELD.
THERE THEY BLOW. WE HAVE OUR PATH.

ACTIVATING WORM, MAJOR. WE'RE GOING UNDER THE ICE.
BACK-UP IS ON ITS WAY TO YOU, MARRIS.

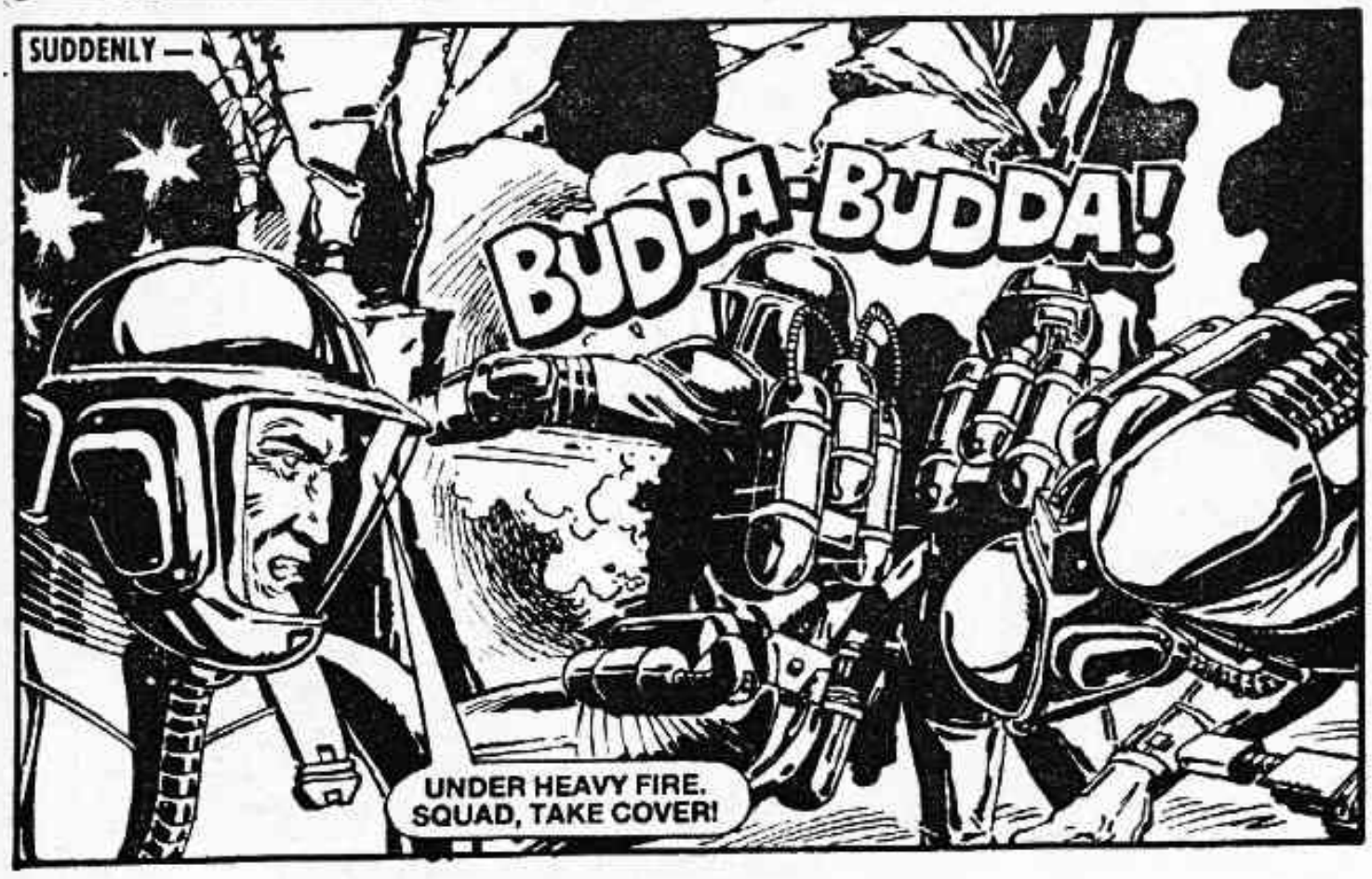

THE BATTLEWAGON WENT UNDER THE ICE —

LIEUTENANT, BETTER STAND BY WITH YOUR ASSAULT SQUAD. X-RAY SCAN HAS FOUND US A GALLERY IN THE ROCK AT THE EDGE OF THE ICE.
WE'LL BE READY, SERGEANT MARRIS.

THE BATTLEWAGON BROKE THROUGH . . .
BW
WE'RE THROUGH . . . IN THE GALLERY!

MAJOR, THE GALLERY NARROWS AND SEEMS TO GO DEEP INTO THE ROCK. THE ASSAULT SQUAD IS SCOUTING AHEAD.

AND UP AHEAD —


SUDDENLY —
BUDDA-BUDDA!
UNDER HEAVY FIRE. SQUAD, TAKE COVER!

LIZARD MEN! THEY'RE ATTACKING!

GUNNER, PLASTER THE AREA AHEAD OF THE SQUAD.
OPENING UP NOW, SARGE.

THE BATTLEWAGON OPENED FIRE . . .
BADOOM!

YOU STOPPED THEM, SERGEANT MARRIS, BUT TWO THIRDS OF MY SQUAD ARE DOWN.
LIEUTENANT, I'M COMING IN TO PICK YOU UP.

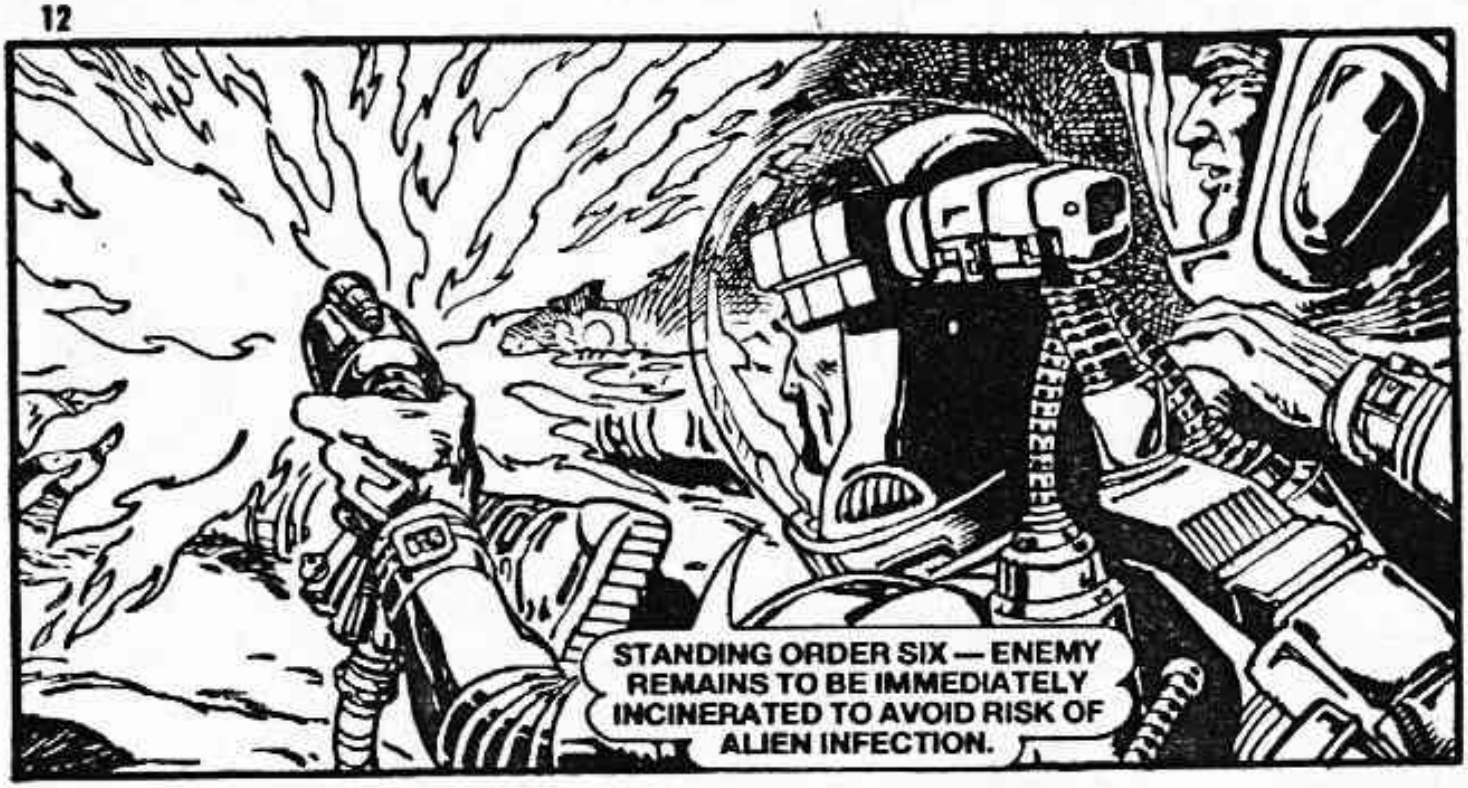
GET THOSE WOUNDED ABOARD. WHERE'S THE LIEUTENANT?
UP FRONT, SARGE. HE'S BADLY HIT.

MOVING FORWARD, MARRIS RECEIVED A WARNING . . .
LOOK OUT, SARGE. HOSTILES TO YOUR LEFT!

ZOOF!
GOT YOU!

SERGEANT MARRIS, I'VE BEEN A YEAR IN ACTION AND THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN THOSE LIZARDS. THEY LOOK ALMOST LIKE US HUMANS.
ONLY BECAUSE OF THEIR BATTLE-RIG, LIEUTENANT. THEY JUST HAPPEN TO BE BIPEDS LIKE US.

MARRIS, LOOK AT THAT LIZARDMAN'S HAND.
LIEUTENANT, I DON'T HAVE THE TIME. NOW HOLD STILL WHILE I CARRY OUT THE DRILL.

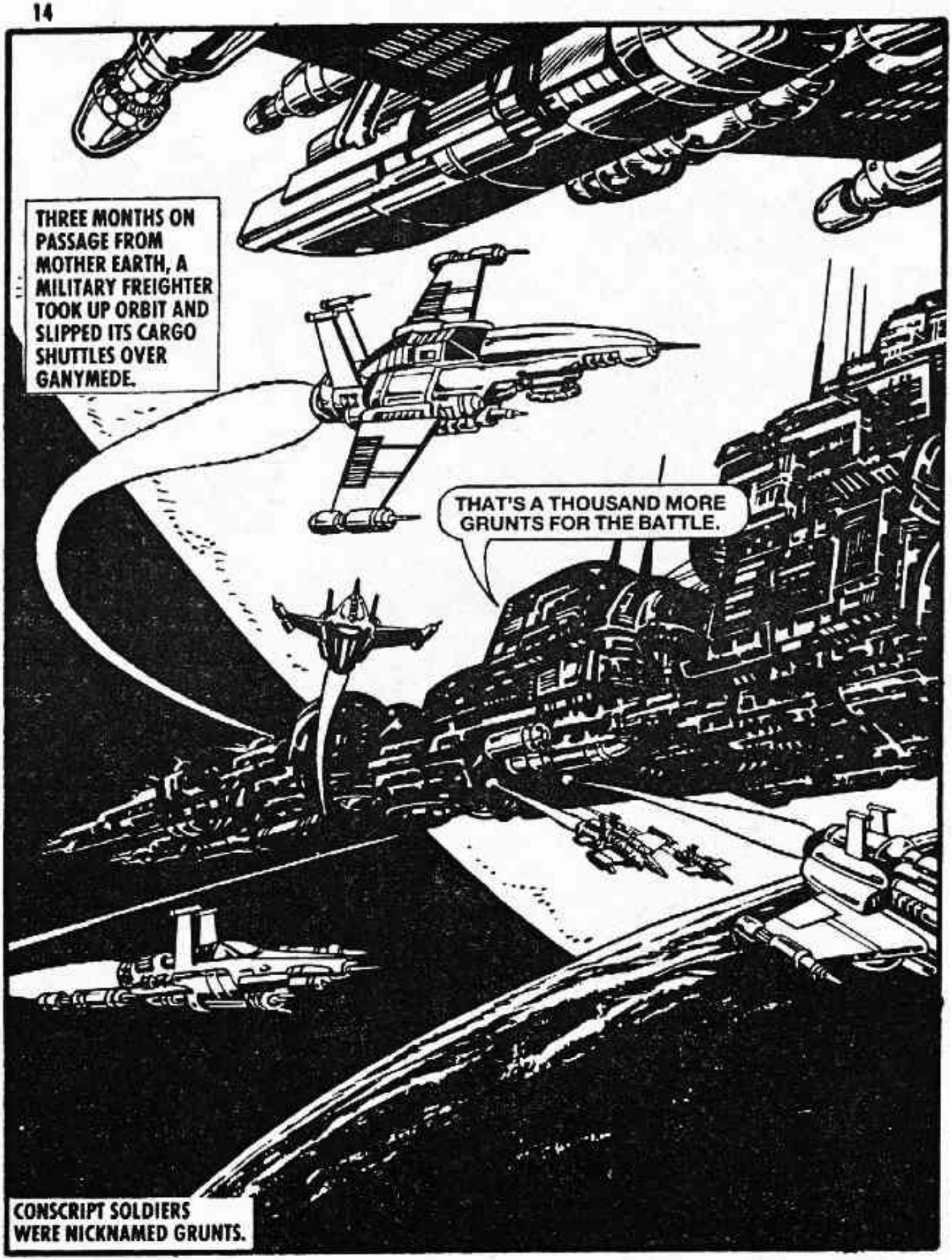

STANDING ORDER SIX — ENEMY REMAINS TO BE IMMEDIATELY INCINERATED TO AVOID RISK OF ALIEN INFECTION.

RUMBLE!
THE LIZARDS ARE BLOWING THE SHAFT. WE'D BETTER PULL OUT — FAST.

THE BATTLEWAGON WITHDREW — JUST IN TIME!
CRASH!

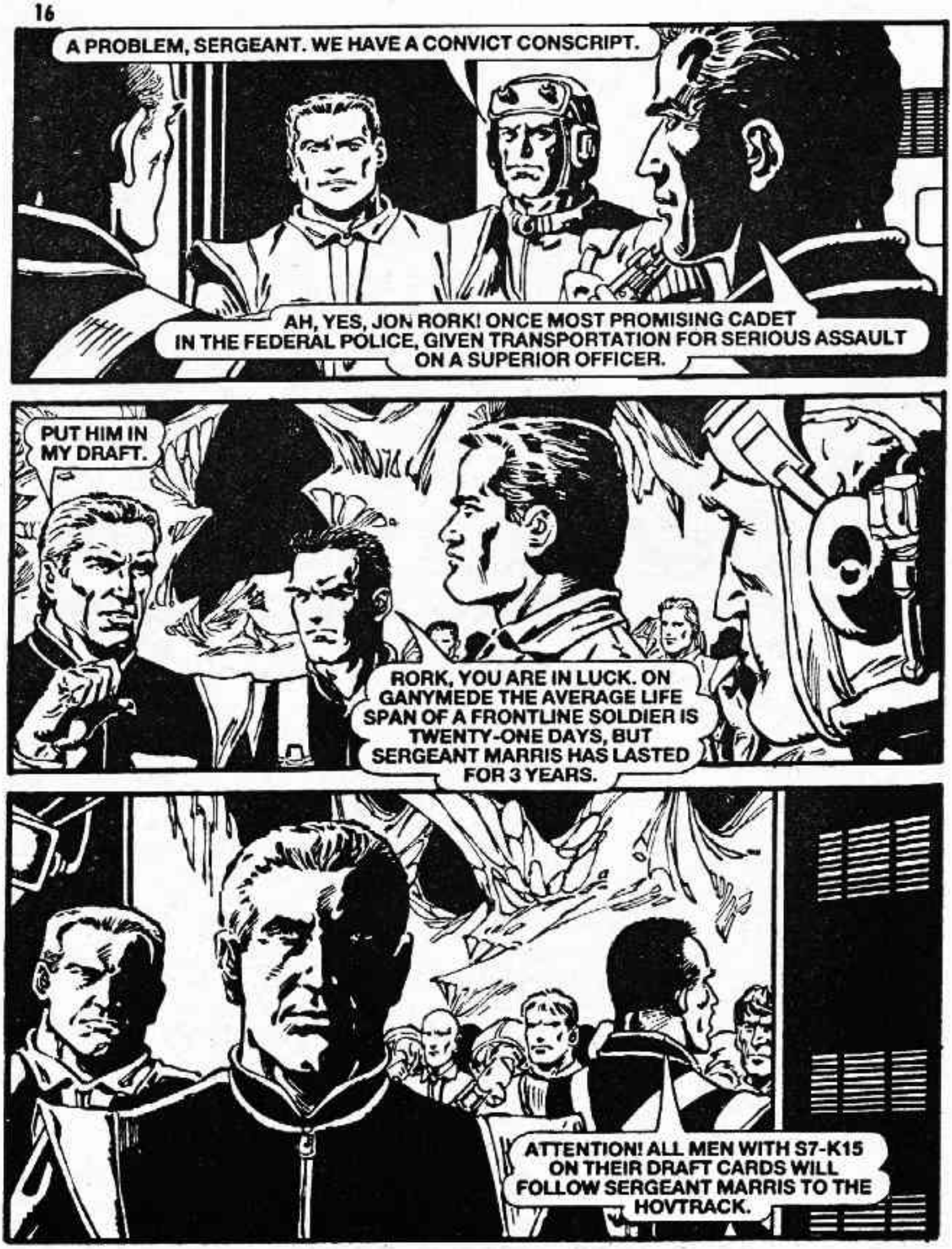
THE BACK-UP WON'T BE NEEDED, MAJOR. WE WERE LUCKY TO GET IN, AND LUCKIER TO GET OUT.

THE LIEUTENANT'S DEAD, SARGE. HE WAS JABBERING ABOUT LIZARDS, AND HANDS, OR SOMETHING.
OBVIOUSLY DELIRIOUS!

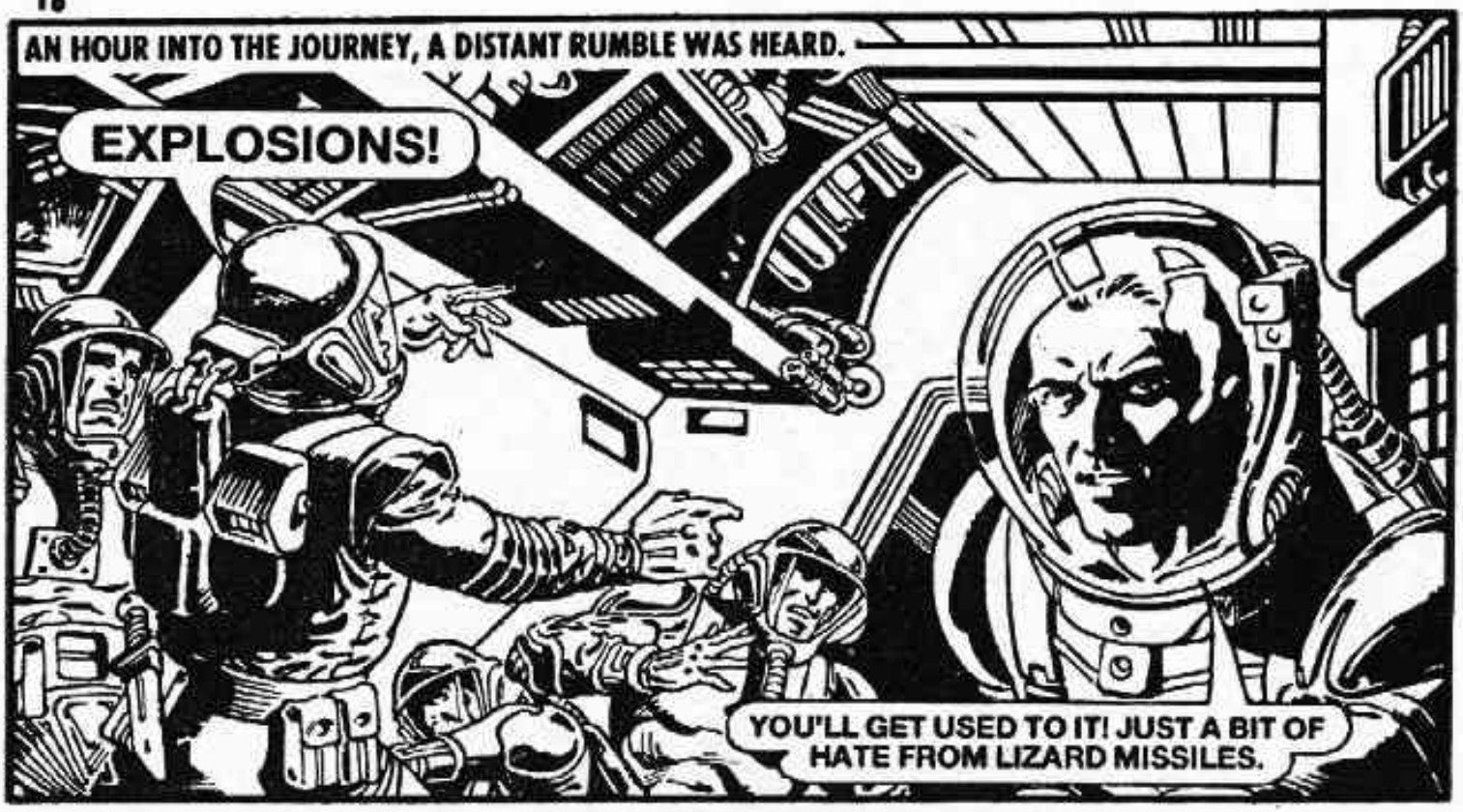

THREE MONTHS ON PASSAGE FROM MOTHER EARTH, A MILITARY FREIGHTER TOOK UP ORBIT AND SLIPPED ITS CARGO SHUTTLES OVER GANYMEDE.
THAT'S A THOUSAND MORE GRUNTS FOR THE BATTLE.
CONSCRIPT SOLDIERS WERE NICKNAMED GRUNTS.

ON GANYMEDE —
MARRIS, YOUR SECTOR GETS A HUNDRED OF THE THOUSAND COMING IN FOR THIRD ARMY. JUST THE USUAL CONS AND FELONS — CONSCRIPTS AND TRANSPORTED CRIMINALS.
A HUNDRED, EH? WE'VE HAD TWICE THAT MANY CASUALTIES SINCE THE LAST BATCH OF REPLACEMENTS.

LOOK AT THEM! FODDER FOR THE LIZARD MEN.


A PROBLEM, SERGEANT. WE HAVE A CONVICT CONSCRIPT.
AH, YES, JON RORK! ONCE MOST PROMISING CADET IN THE FEDERAL POLICE, GIVEN TRANSPORTATION FOR SERIOUS ASSAULT ON A SUPERIOR OFFICER.
PUT HIM IN MY DRAFT.
RORK, YOU ARE IN LUCK. ON GANYMEDE THE AVERAGE LIFE SPAN OF A FRONTLINE SOLDIER IS TWENTY-ONE DAYS, BUT SERGEANT MARRIS HAS LASTED FOR 3 YEARS.
ATTENTION! ALL MEN WITH S7-K15 ON THEIR DRAFT CARDS WILL FOLLOW SERGEANT MARRIS TO THE HOVTRACK.

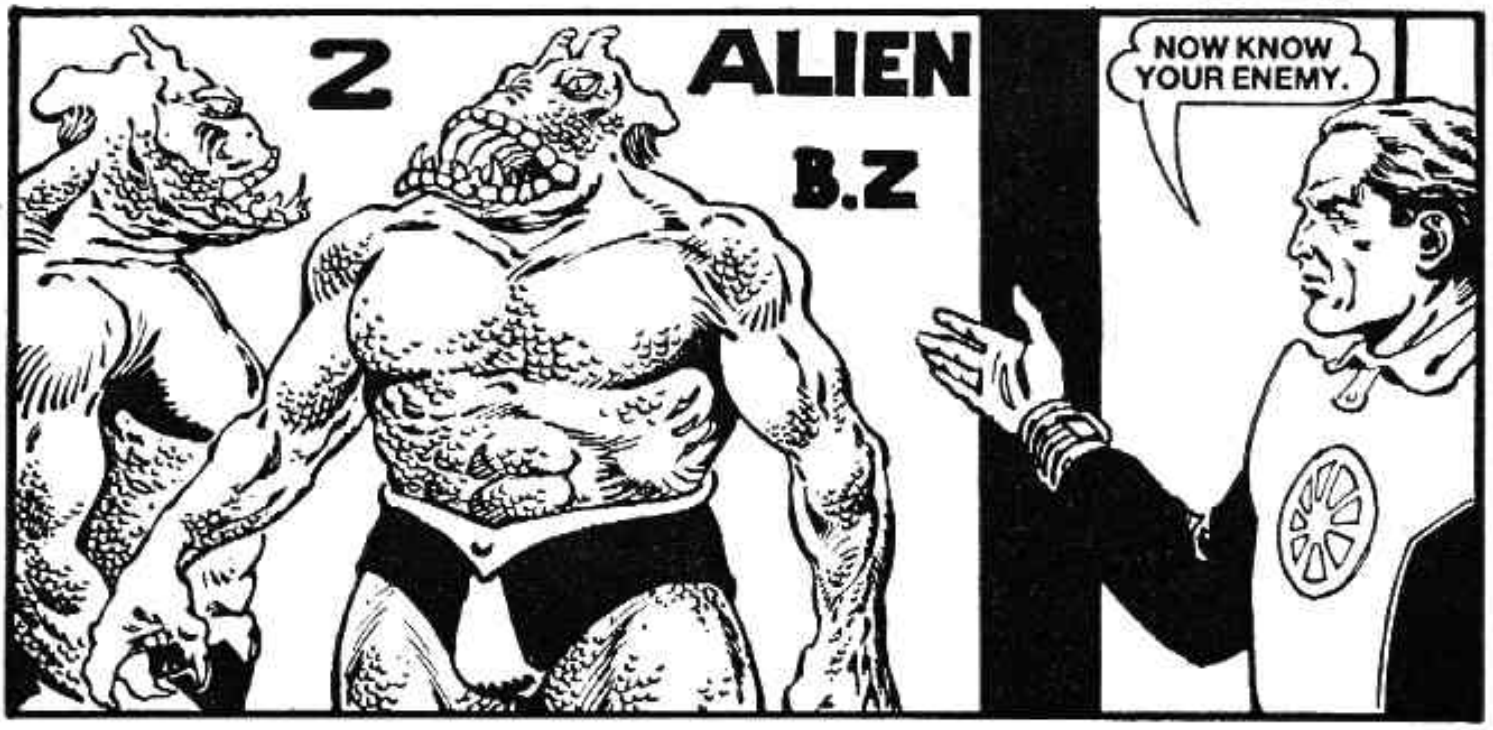
GET ABOARD AND GET CHANGED INTO YOUR THERMAL RIG AND BATTLE HELMET. THE FRONT IS TWO HOURS AWAY, BUT ANY PART OF GANYMEDE CAN SUDDENLY BECOME A KILLING GROUND.
THANKS FOR TAKING ME ON, SERGEANT.
RORK, ONCE I WAS A THUG LIKE THEM SENT HERE BY A COP LIKE YOU. I'M NOT DOING YOU ANY FAVOURS SAVING YOU FOR THE LIZARDS.
B1014
WE TRAVEL UNDER THE ICE. THERE'S A WHOLE WORLD UNDER THE ICE OF GANYMEDE — HYDROPONIC FARMS, WATER AND AIR PROCESSING PLANTS. ABOUT ALL WE NEED IMPORT FROM EARTH ARE ROOKIES LIKE YOU LOT . . . CANNON-FODDER.
Z188


AN HOUR INTO THE JOURNEY, A DISTANT RUMBLE WAS HEARD.
EXPLOSIONS!
YOU'LL GET USED TO IT! JUST A BIT OF HATE FROM LIZARD MISSILES.

ON THE SURFACE OF GANYMEDE, MISSILES RAINED DOWN IN AN ATTEMPT TO BREAK THE ICE.

JUST CHEMICAL EXPLOSIVES! DOESN'T EITHER SIDE EVER USE NUCLEAR REACTION?
NO, RORK, BECAUSE BOTH SIDES WANT GANYMEDE CLEAN.

THE JOURNEY CAME TO AN END AND ALL THE TROOPERS WERE TAKEN TO A BRIEFING—
RIGHT, YOU GRUNTS . . . LISTEN. THIS IS A HARD WAR . . . IF THE ENEMY DOESN'T GET YOU, THE CONDITIONS WILL.


2
ALIEN
B.Z
NOW KNOW YOUR ENEMY.

THOSE HANDS AREN'T LIKE THOSE OF THAT LIZARD I KILLED.
MARRIS, YOU SHOULD HAVE DUMPED THAT EX-COP. HE COULD CAUSE TROUBLE.
I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, SIR. MY BATTLEWAGON NEEDS A SECOND TUBEMAN AND HE'S HAD THE TRAINING.

MARRIS TOOK HIS NEW CREWMAN TO THE BATTLEWAGON—
RORK WILL TAKE OVER THE RADARSCAN AND LEAVE YOU FREE FOR THE X-RAY, BLUM. I'M GOING TO LEAVE YOU ALL TO GET ACQUAINTED WHILE I READ UP ON ORDERS.

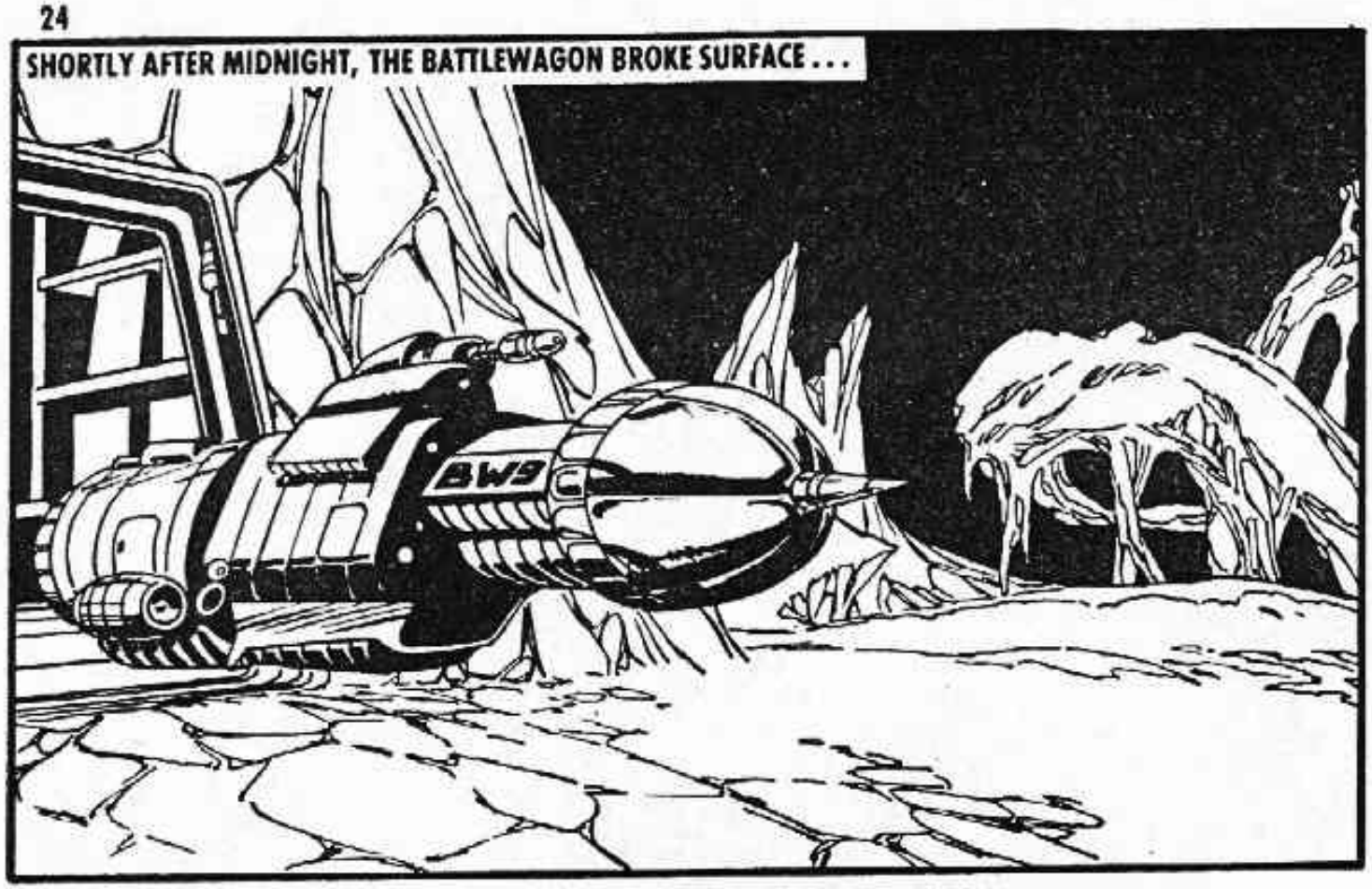
I CAN SEE YOU DETEST ME! ALL RIGHT, SO I USED TO BE A COP. WHO WANTS TO BE FIRST?
WE ARE A TEAM IN THIS TIN CAN — WE HAVE TO GET ON WELL TOGETHER. IT'S ONE FOR ALL . . .

. . . OR ALL FOR ONE!

COMBAT DECISION BY SECTOR COMMAND — REPEATED ASSAULTS HAVE FAILED ON THE ENEMY BASTION KNOWN AS LIZARD CRAG, INVESTIGATION WILL BE MADE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF ENCIRCLING AND ISOLATING THIS OBSTACLE . . .

OKAY, CHILDREN — BREAK IT UP! FROM NOW ON RORK IS ONE OF THE CREW.

WE'RE ON RECCE. ASSAULT SQUAD WILL BOARD IN ONE HOUR. WE MOVE OUT HALF AN HOUR LATER IN DEEP NIGHT — WHICH MEANS WHEN GANYMEDE IS IN JUPITER'S SHADOW, RORK.


SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT, THE BATTLEWAGON BROKE SURFACE . . .
BW9

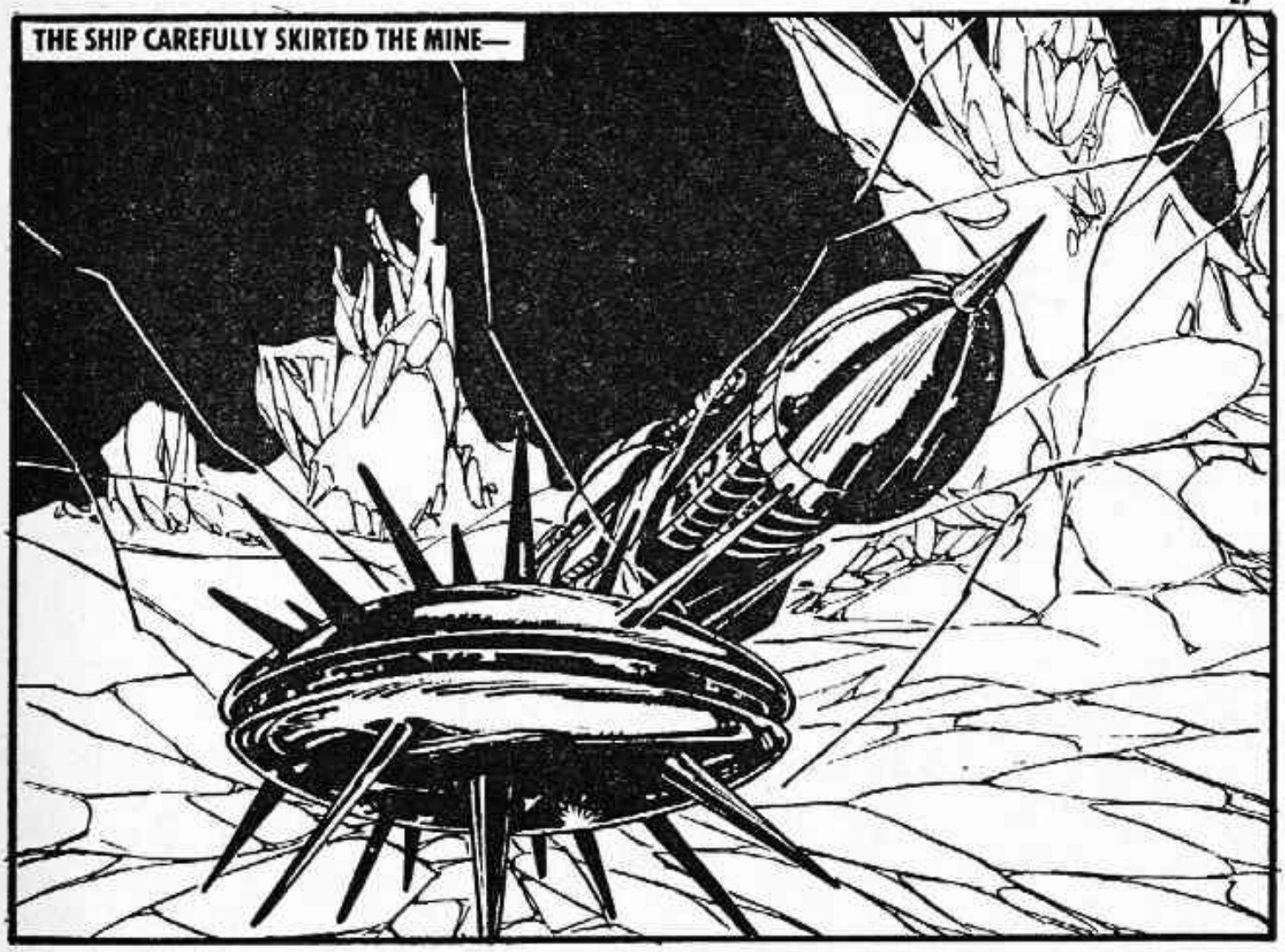
A WIDE SWEEP ROUND LIZARD CRAG. BLUM, BUILD A PROFILE OF ICE-SURROUNDINGS TO TRY TO LOCATE ENEMY SUPPLY SHAFTS. RORK, STAY ALERT ON RADAR, BUT ASK ME BEFORE YOU START LETTING OFF ANY SONAR PINGS.

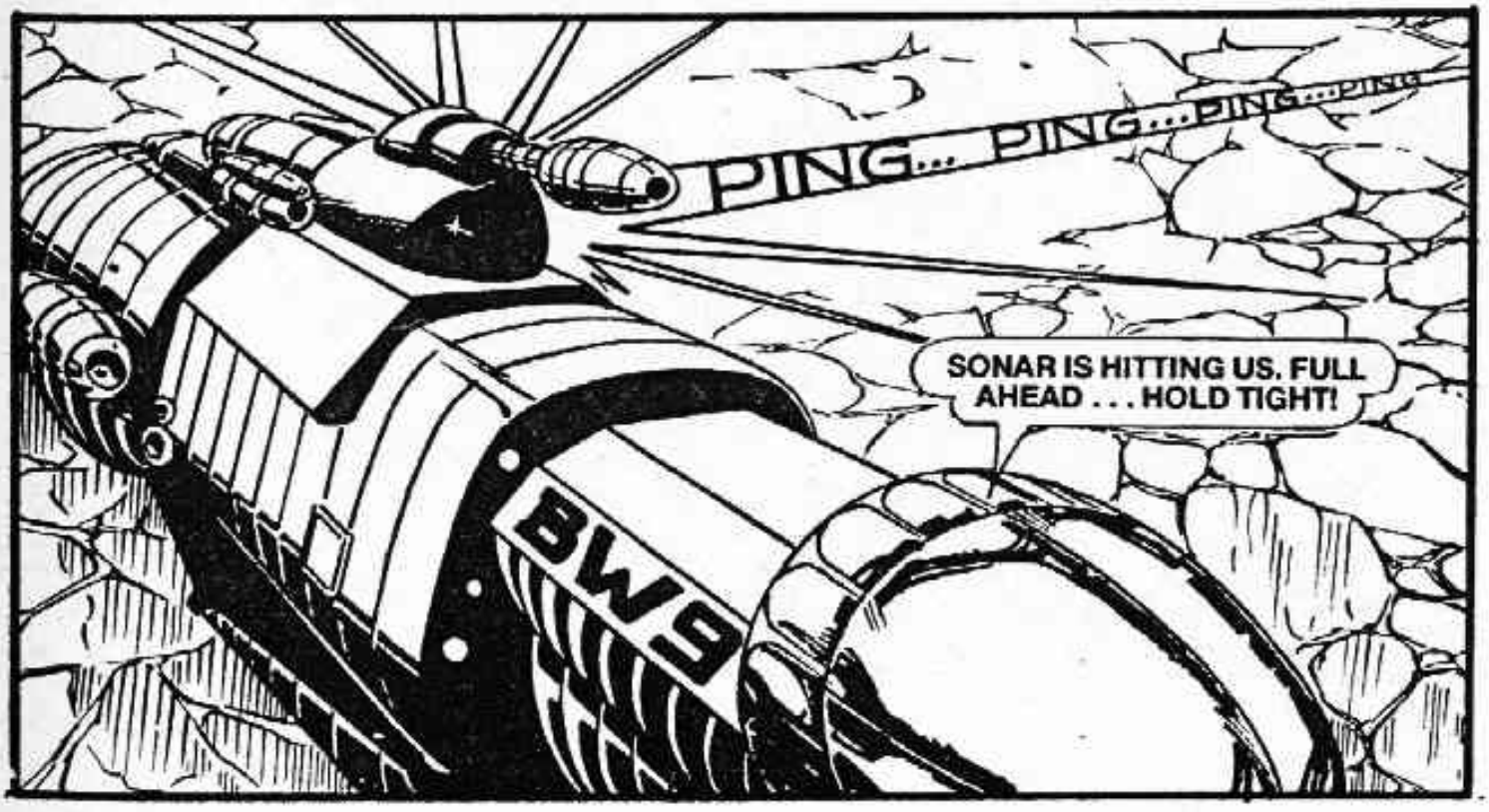
LIZARD CRAG, MY LADS. A BIT OF LUCK AND THIS COURSE SHOULD SLIP US UNDER THEIR RADAR CURTAIN.
LATER . . .
NOTHING — JUST THE USUAL UNDER-ICE CONTOUR, SARGE. NOTHING THAT COULD BE A COMMUNICATION CHANNEL.
KEEP SOUNDING! IT'S TIME I REPORTED IN.

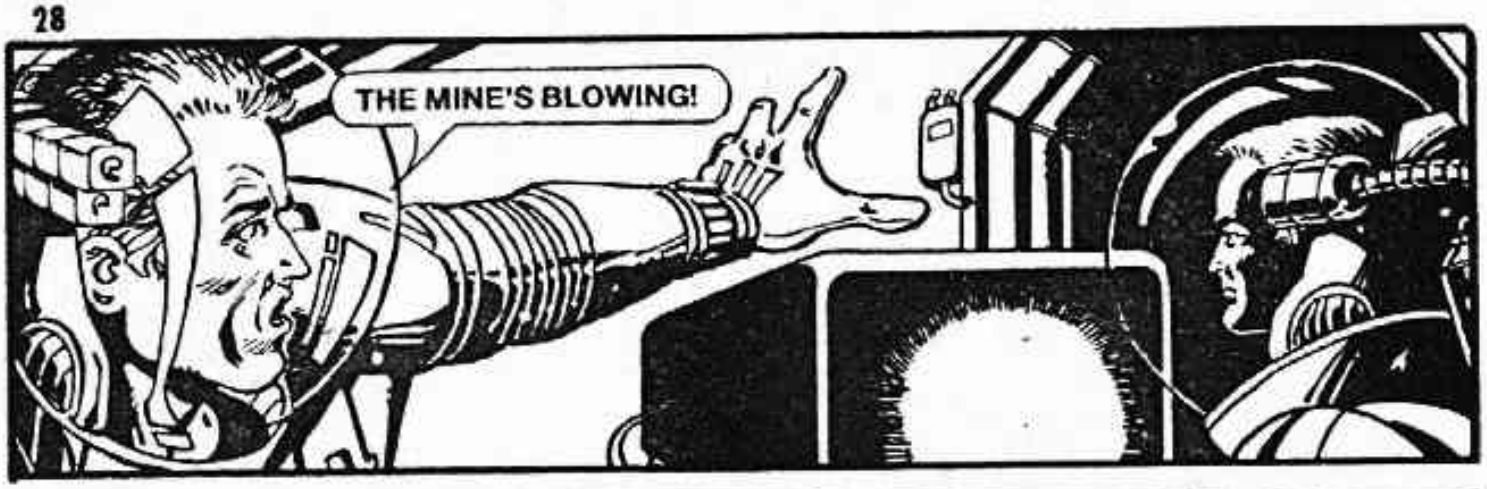
THAT LAST TRANSMISSION WAS FUZZY, SARGE. I COULD FINE-TUNE THE BEAM.
AS YOU WERE, SOLDIER. KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF.

OUR TRANSCEIVERS WORK ON A SPECIAL MICRO-CHIP. BREAKING THAT SEAL TO GET AT IT IS A COURT MARTIAL OFFENCE.
SO WE WORK WITH BUM EQUIPMENT BECAUSE THE BOSSES WON'T ALLOW US TO FIX IT!

CON-
27:
RORK, GET BACK ON YOUR SCREEN. DRIVER, CHANGE COURSE FIVE DEGREES LEFT. MAGNETIC MINE UNDER THE ICE . . .

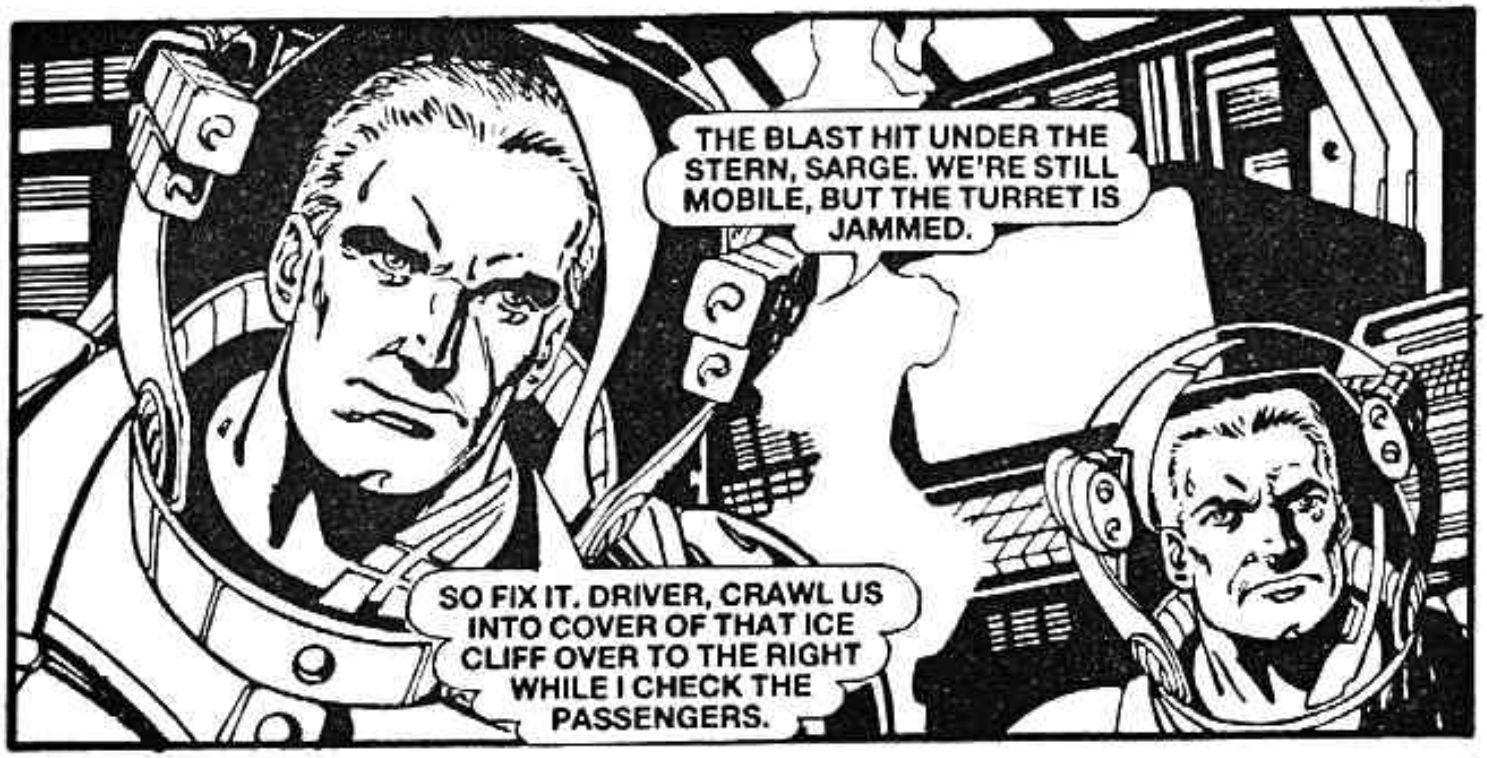

THE SHIP CAREFULLY SKIRTED THE MINE—


PING... PING...PING...PING
SONAR IS HITTING US. FULL AHEAD . . . HOLD TIGHT!
BW9


THE MINE'S BLOWING!

WHUMP!

A MINE RIGGED TO A SONAR-SWEEP. THAT'S A NEW TRICK. EMERGENCY LIGHTING ON AND LET'S HAVE DAMAGE REPORTS.

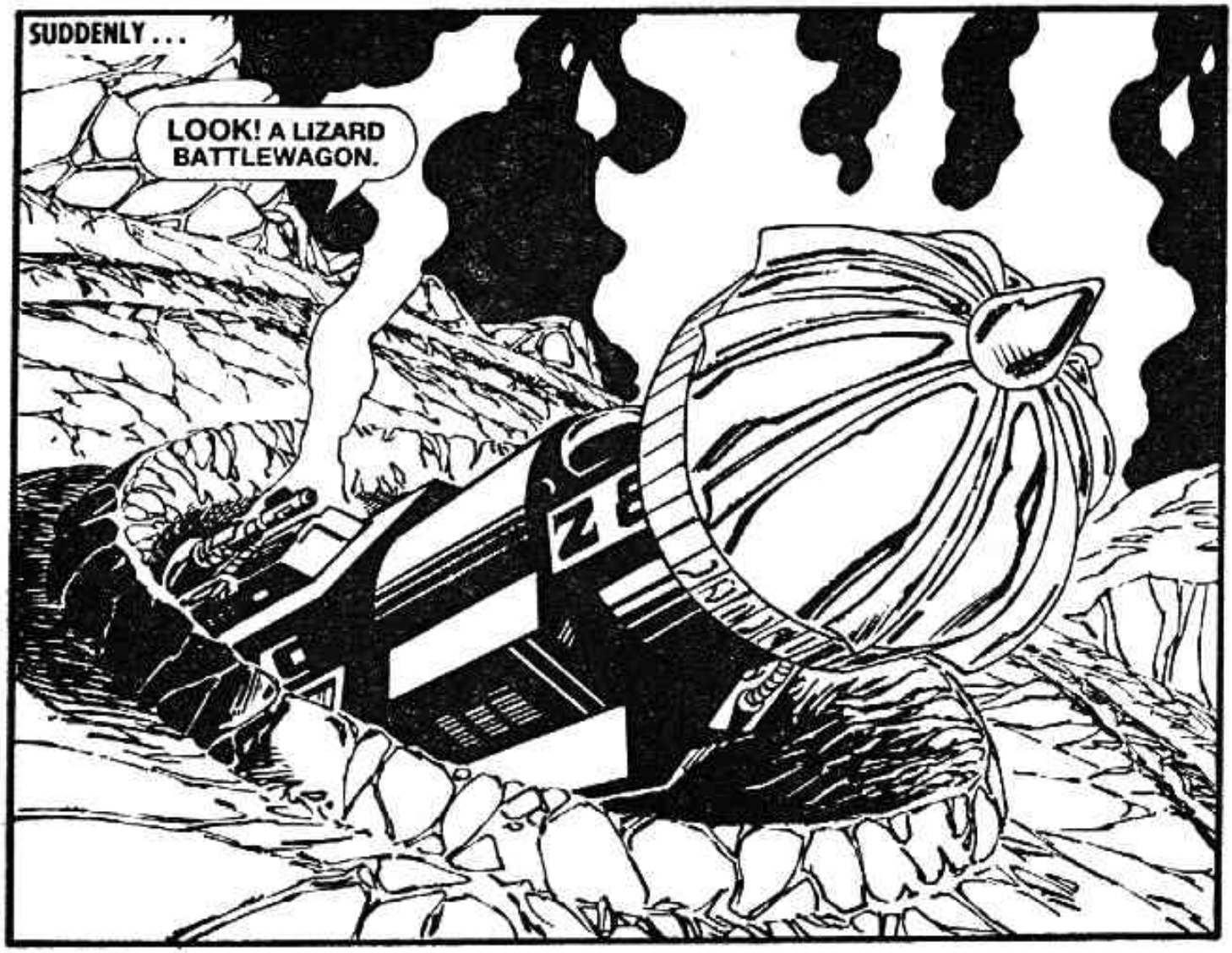

THE BLAST HIT UNDER THE STERN, SARGE. WE'RE STILL MOBILE, BUT THE TURRET IS JAMMED.
SO FIX IT. DRIVER, CRAWL US INTO COVER OF THAT ICE CLIFF OVER TO THE RIGHT WHILE I CHECK THE PASSENGERS.

THE ASSAULT SQUAD'S CONCUSSED. BLUM, COME IN AND COMMENCE MEDICATION.
ON MY WAY, SARGE.

RORK, GRAB YOURSELF AN ARMOUR-PIERCING GUN. YOU AND ME ARE TAKING A WALK.

LINK US BY BELT-LINE. I DON'T WANT YOU VANISHING DOWN A CREVASSE AS SOON AS WE QUIT THE AIRLOCK.
YOU ARE SO THOUGHTFUL, SARGE.

WE'RE HELPLESS AND THE LIZARDS ARE SURE TO CHECK ON THAT MINE-BLAST. SO YOU AND ME HAVE TO SET UP AN OUTFIELD POSITION.


SUDDENLY . . .
LOOK! A LIZARD BATTLEWAGON.

THIS THING'S ONLY EFFECTIVE AT CLOSE RANGE.

MARRIS FIRED . . .

BUT IT IS EFFECTIVE!

THAT EXPLAINS THE MINE. WE ALMOST STUMBLED ON A LIZARD OUTPOST.
AN AIRLOCK HATCH. ARE WE GOING TO ATTACK?
NO, RORK, WE ARE SIMPLY GOING TO DEPOSIT A THERMITE BOMB AND LEAVE THOSE SCALED HORRORS TO SIZZLE.
DON'T CRACK THAT HATCH. YOU KNOW THE REGULATIONS ABOUT INFECTION.
SARGE, HOW COULD WE BE INFECTED IN THIS RIG. LET'S JUST TAKE A QUICK LOOK!

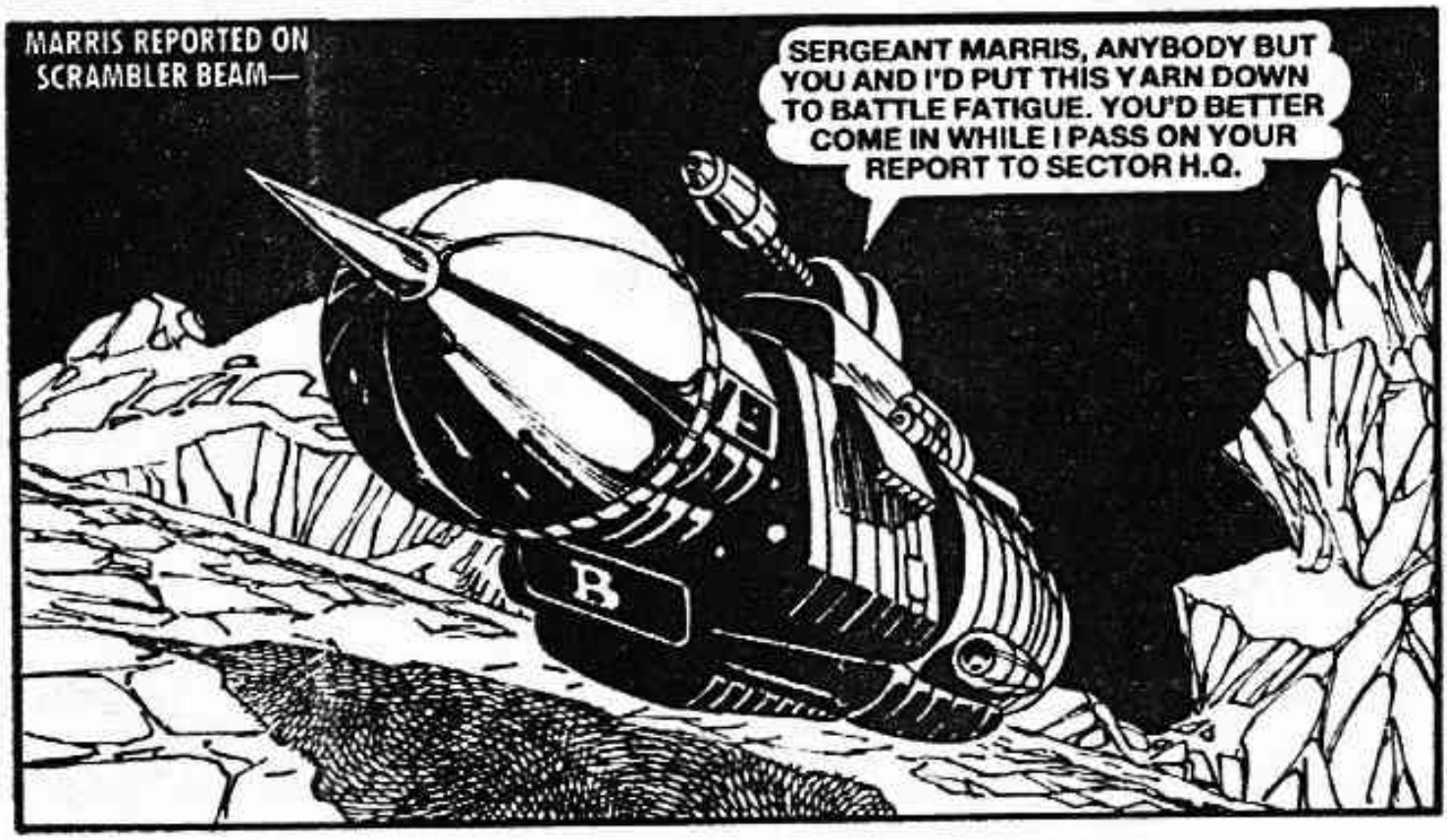
RORK OPENED THE INNER HATCH, AND AS AIR RUSHED OUT—
AHH — YOU BLOCKHEAD!
YOU WON'T NEED THE BOMB, SARGE. THAT DECOMPRESSION MUST HAVE FINISHED ANYTHING LIVING IN HERE.
7
OR
MAYBE — BUT YOU NEVER KNOW WITH LIZARDS.
LIZARDS, SARGE. DO YOU CALL THESE LIZARDS?
L

IT COULD BE ADVANCED GENETIC ENGINEERING WITH THE LIZARDS STRUCTURING SOME OF THEMSELVES ON HUMAN LINES FOR THE OCCUPATION OF EARTH.
SUCH THINKING IS TOO DEEP FOR ME, RORK. SORT OUT SOME STUFF TO TAKE BACK AS EVIDENCE OF WHAT WE'VE FOUND.

DIFFERENT STYLE OF TRANSMITTER, BUT THEY EVEN COPY US IN HAVING IT SEALED. AT LEAST THE LIZARDS CAN'T COURT MARTIAL ME IF I TAKE OUT THE MICRO-CHIP.
DO IT AND WE'LL PULL OUT. THIS PLACE MAKES MY FLESH CREEP.

MARRIS SET A THERMITE BOMB . . .
STILL GOING BY REGULATIONS, EH, SARGE.
IT'S THE BEST WAY OF STAYING ALIVE, RORK.

MARRIS TO CREW. INCINERATED — ONE HOSTILE BATTLEWAGON, ONE OUTPOST.
A-OK HERE, SARGE. TURRET FIXED AND WE'RE READY TO ROLL.
RORK, ONCE BACK ABOARD I WANT THE MAJOR ON A SCRAMBLER BEAM. THE REST OF THE CREW AREN'T TO BE TOLD WHAT WE FOUND — UNDERSTAND.
GOT IT, SARGE.


MARRIS REPORTED ON SCRAMBLER BEAM—
SERGEANT MARRIS, ANYBODY BUT YOU AND I'D PUT THIS YARN DOWN TO BATTLE FATIGUE. YOU'D BETTER COME IN WHILE I PASS ON YOUR REPORT TO SECTOR H.Q.
B

THE BATTLEWAGON RETURNED TO BASE . . .
ASSAULT SQUAD NEEDS MEDICAL CARE, MAJOR.
WE'LL SEE TO IT, MARRIS. THESE MILITARY POLICE ARE HERE TO ESCORT YOU AND RORK TO THIRD ARMY HEADQUARTERS.

A SPECIAL TRAIN JUST FOR US, SARGE.
SILENCE! NO TALKING ALLOWED BY PRISONERS.
94.5
MP

PRISONERS! WHY ARE WE PRISONERS?
EXPLANATIONS ARE NOT MY DEPARTMENT. YOU TWO MEN WILL REMOVE YOUR BATTLE-SUITS AND SURRENDER YOUR SIDE-ARMS.

LATER . . . HEADQUARTERS, THIRD ARMY, FEDERAL DEFENCE FORCE . . .
GENERAL PLAK — SIR. SERGEANT MARRIS AND PRIVATE RORK.
THANK YOU, SERGEANT. YOU MAY LEAVE ME TO TALK TO THESE TWO MEN.

YOUR COMMANDING OFFICER WILL BE NOTIFIED THAT YOU LADS ARE BEING RESTED FOR BATTLE FATIGUE. AFTER ALL, WHAT YOU CLAIM TO HAVE SEEN IN THAT LIZARD OUTPOST REALLY IS IMPOSSIBLE — OR IS IT?

MOTHER EARTH, LADS — BURSTING AT THE SEAMS WITH PEOPLE IT CANNOT FEED. THE OLD AND THE SICK ARE MERCIFULLY PUT DOWN, BUT STILL THE POPULATION EXPLODES. DRASTIC ACTION IS NEEDED. A WAR, IN FACT — A REALLY BIG WAR THAT CAN BE FOUGHT AWAY FROM EARTH . . . ER, DO YOU BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND ME.
I THINK I DO, GENERAL.

YOU MURDERING SWINE. THERE'S NO WAR — NO LIZARD RACE FROM E-ERIDANI. THIS BLOCK OF ICE IS JUST A KILLING GROUND FOR HUMANS.
RORK — AS YOU WERE.

THAT WAS AN ORDER, SOLDIER.
URGH!

I AM ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT. BE SO GOOD AS TO HAVE PRIVATE RORK TAKEN OUTSIDE.
YESSIR, GENERAL.

OBVIOUSLY NOT SUITABLE MATERIAL FOR MY SERVICE, SERGEANT MARRIS — WHEREAS YOU APPEAR THE RELIABLE TYPE WHO COULD BE USEFUL.
I ALWAYS TRY TO DO MY DUTY, SIR.

WELCOME TO THE TEAM, SERGEANT. I AM AFRAID THAT PRIVATE RORK HAS TO BE DISCARDED — A DISTASTEFUL CHORE WHICH YOU WOULD OBLIGE ME BY HANDLING.
VERY GOOD, SIR.

MARRIS AND THE DAZED RORK WERE TAKEN FOR A DRIVE...
I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE A SPECIAL DISCARD AREA, SERGEANT.
YES, SERGEANT MARRIS. WE NEED IT WITH THE NUMBER WE HAVE TO GET RID OF.
MP
A CREVASSE, MARRIS — ABOUT TWO MILES DEEP. DISCARDS DON'T COME UP ONCE THEY GET DROPPED DOWN IT.

RORK'S SEEN ACTION WITH ME. I'D LIKE TO OFFER HIM THE MERCY OF BLOWING OFF HIS OWN HEAD.
SUCH SENTIMENT DOES YOU CREDIT, MARRIS.

MARRIS, YOU RAT, I WAS WRONG ABOUT YOU.
RORK, STOP WASTING BREATH. STAND TO ATTENTION AND TRY TO MEET YOUR END LIKE A SOLDIER.

MARRIS, YOU'LL ENJOY BEING ONE OF US. LOTS OF LITTLE COMFORTS AND NO CHANCE OF GETTING KILLED LIKE THE REST OF THE DUMBCLUCKS.
SOUNDS IDEAL, SERGEANT.
MP

BUT I WOULDN'T ENJOY IT.

MARRIS DID SOME RAPID FIRING . . .
MP
MP

SNAP OUT OF IT, RORK. HELP ME TREAT THESE RATS TO THE OTHER TWO MILE DROP THEY'RE SO FOND OF GIVING TO OTHERS.
YES, SIR!
MP

THAT ONE WAS TELLING ME WHAT A SAFE JOB IT WAS.

BLOCKHEAD, WHY COULDN'T YOU PLAY ALONG WITH THEM LIKE I DID? NOW YOU'VE FORCED MY HAND AND WE HAVE TO RUN.
I'M NOT AS DEVIOUS AS YOU, SARGE. NOW I KNOW WHY YOU'VE LIVED SO LONG.

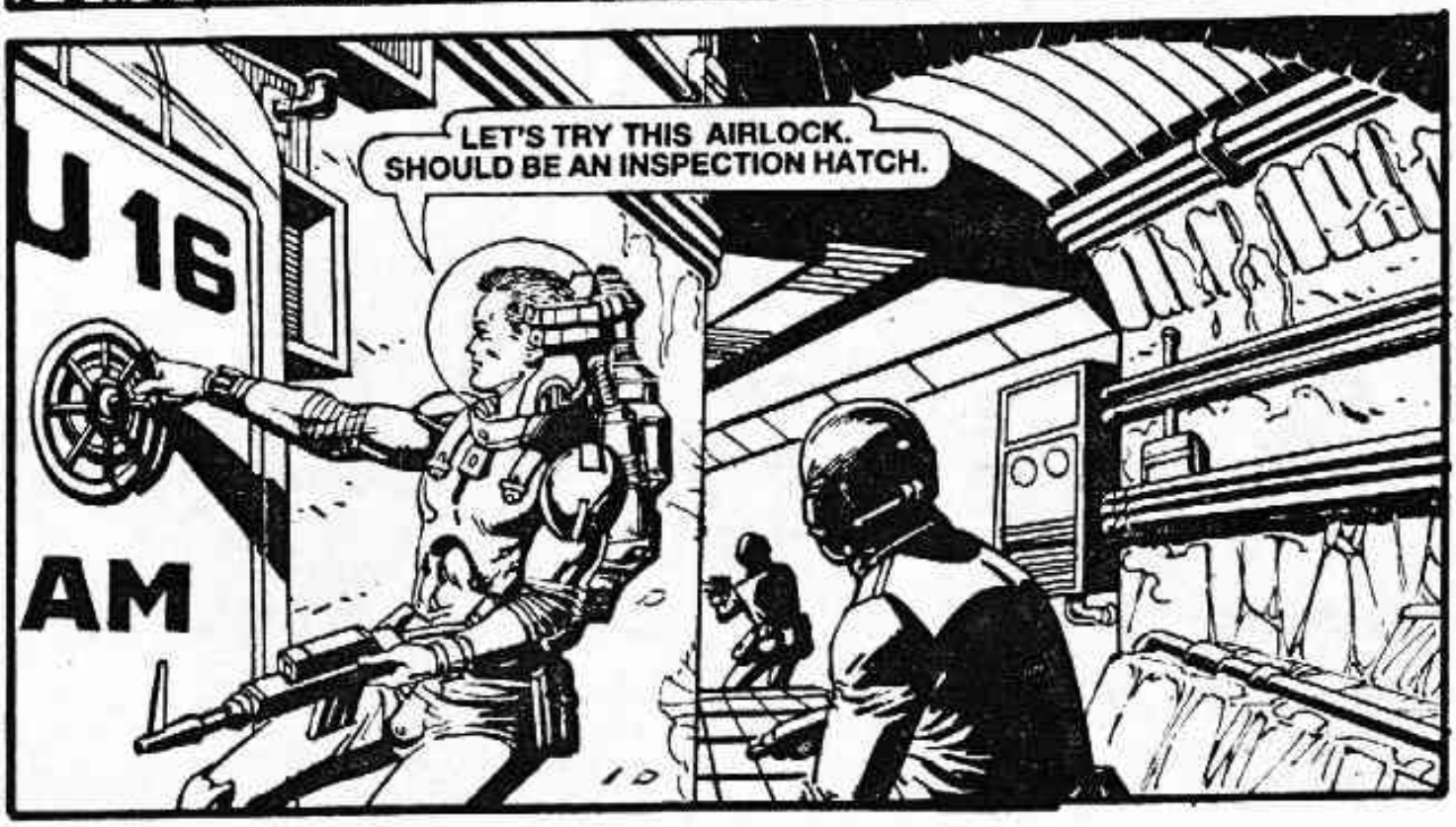
SARGE, WHERE ARE WE RUNNING?
M 14
THE ONLY PLACE A SOLDIER FEELS AT HOME, RORK — BACK TO OUR OUTFIT.

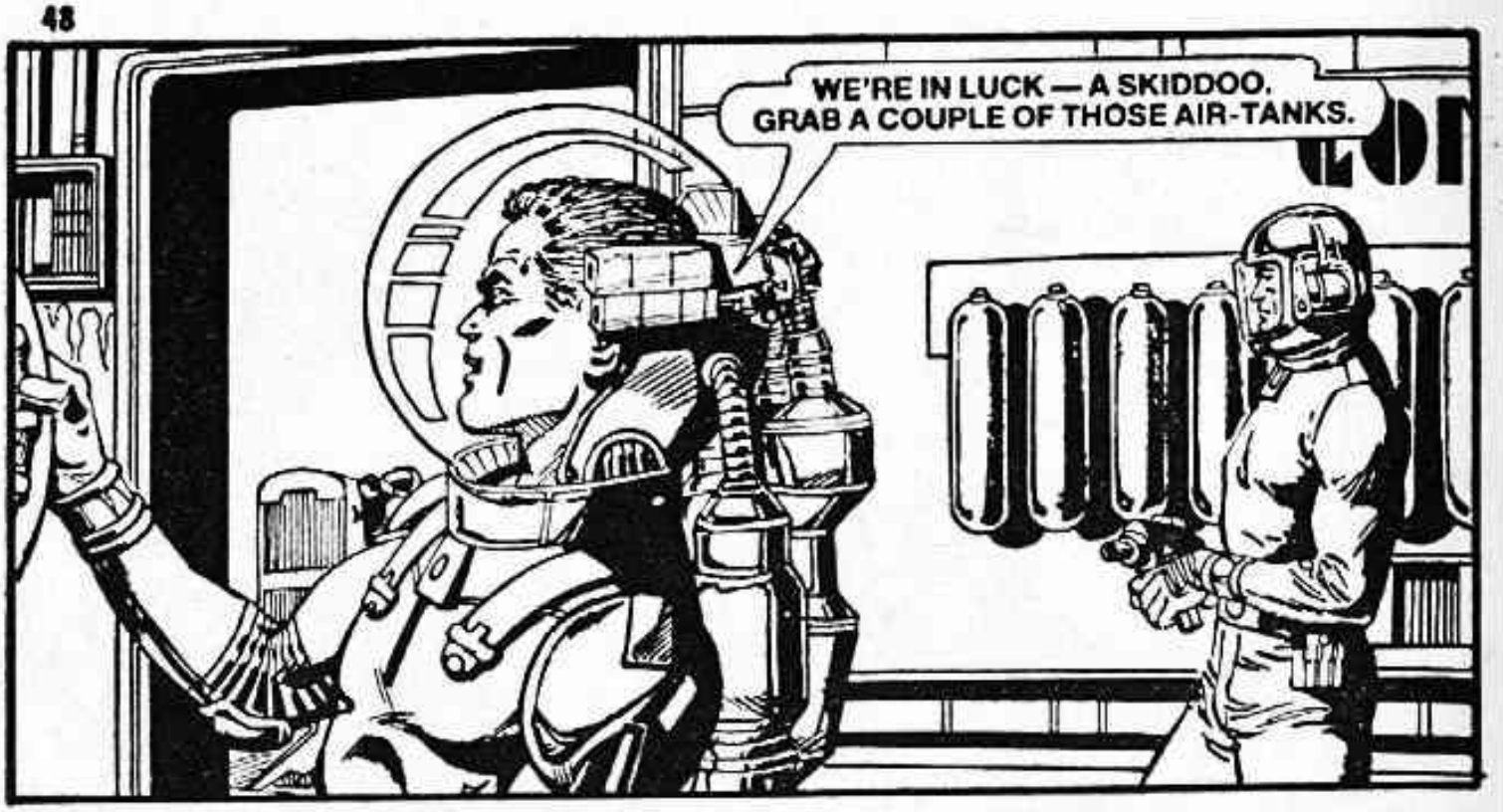
TWO HOURS LATER ON THE HOVTRACK . . .
THE LAST CHECKPOINT BEFORE SECTOR ECHELON. I THINK WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT.
ATTENTION ALL TRAFFIC. YOU WILL HALT FOR CLOSE INSPECTION AT ALL CHECKPOINTS.
OH OH! THE DRAGNET'S OUT. BATTLE-DOME ON, RORK.
CAN'T WE TRY CRASHING THROUGH?
NO CHANCE! THEY'LL HAVE THE BUFFERS UP. WE'LL JUMP!

RORK, DON'T ANNOY ME BY BREAKING A LEG.

BUFFERED! WE BALED OUT JUST IN TIME.

THE CHECKPOINT . . .
DESERTERS MARRIS AND RORK, DISCARD ANY WEAPONS AND EMERGE WITH HANDS ON YOUR HEADS.
CONTROL 5


LET'S TRY THIS AIRLOCK. SHOULD BE AN INSPECTION HATCH.
U 16
AM


WE'RE IN LUCK — A SKIDDOO. GRAB A COUPLE OF THOSE AIR-TANKS.

THE FUGITIVES TOOK TO THE SURFACE . . .
SARGE, I'M FROZEN EVEN IN THIS THERMAL RIG.
JUST TRY NOT TO SCRATCH YOUR NOSE. THE MEDICS CAN'T ALWAYS REPLACE BITS THAT BREAK OFF.

ON COURSE AND CLOSE.
A HOMING BEEPER — URG, THAT'S A RELIEF. I THOUGHT WE WERE RIDING IN CIRCLES.

WE'RE THERE, RORK —WE'RE HOME.

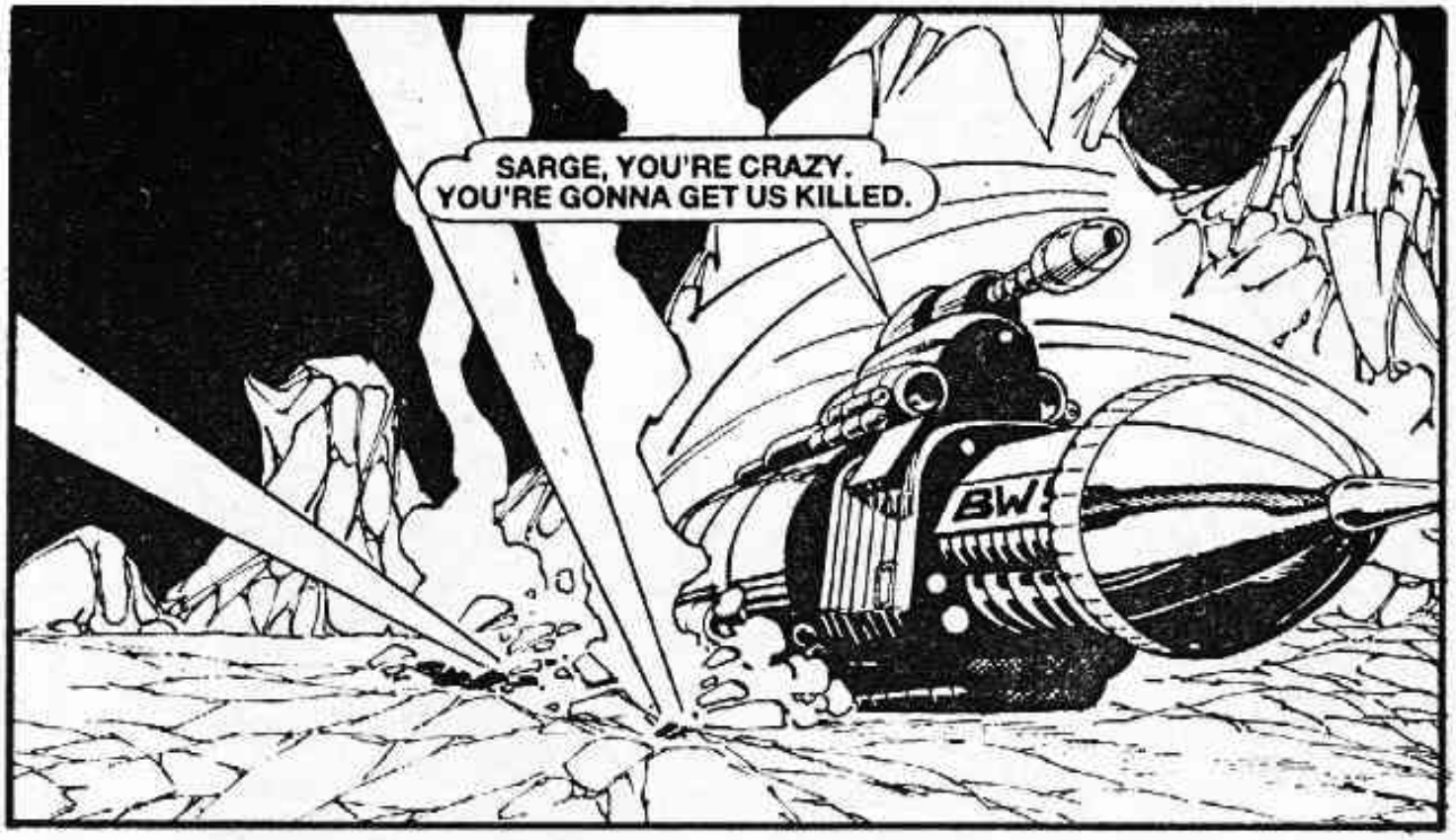
THE CREW OF THE BATTLEWAGON WERE ON MAINTAINANCE TASKS . . .
NO REST FOR THE WICKED, LADS. MOUNT UP FOR SPECIAL PATROL.
SARGE! BACK ALREADY?

SERGEANT MARRIS! DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S A HUNT GOING ON FOR YOU AND RORK?
MAJOR, WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO EXPECT A BIT OF TRUST. NOW OPEN UP THE PORTAL AND SAVE ME THE NUISANCE OF CRASHING OUT.
OUTER PORTAL OPEN, MARRIS. NOW LISTEN —
L 70
B
NO, MAJOR, YOU LISTEN. KEEP A WATCH AND YOU'RE IN FOR A BIG SURPRISE.
YOU HAVE YOUR USES, RORK. WELL, LET'S GET ON WITH OUR BEDTIME STORY.
LOOK, SARGE. I'VE PATCHED IN THAT LIZARD FREQUENCY CHIP SO THAT WE RECEIVE AND BROADCAST ON BOTH CHANNELS.

ARE YOU LISTENING, CHILDREN? DO YOU KNOW HOW TO GET RID OF SURPLUS POPULATION? OH, IT'S SO EASY. YOU INVENT AN ENEMY YOU CALL THE LIZARDMEN OF E-ERIDANI AND YOU HAVE A WAR!
SIMPLE, ISN'T IT? TWO GREAT ARMIES THAT BELIEVE THEY ARE DESTROYING A THREAT TO MOTHER EARTH, BUT ACTUALLY THEY ARE KILLING PEOPLE JUST LIKE THEMSELVES. MANKIND HAS BECOME HIS OWN EXECUTIONER.
MARRIS HAS FINALLY CRACKED.

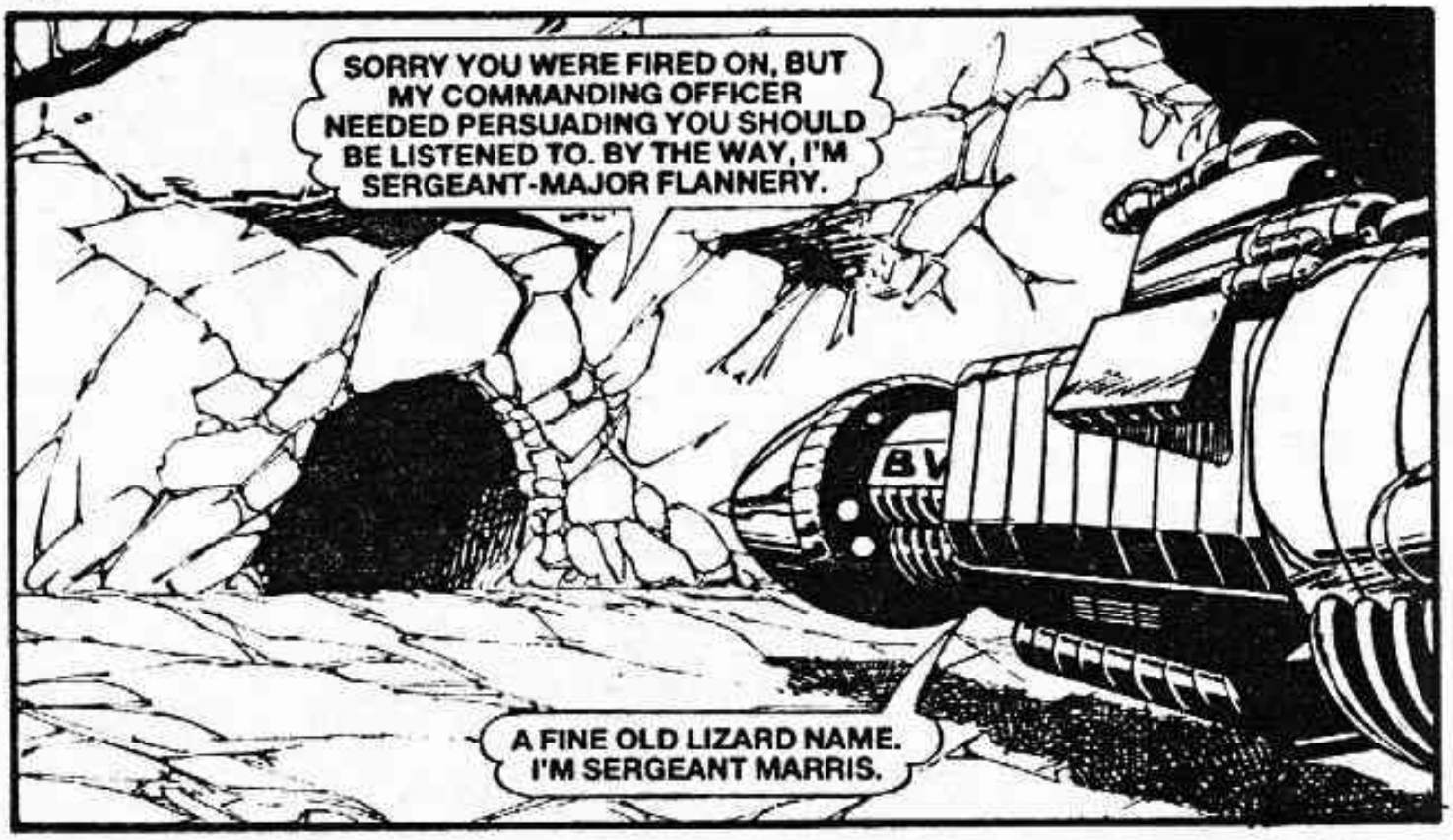
ARE YOU RECEIVING ME, YOU SO-CALLED LIZARDS ON LIZARD CRAG? LOOK AT ME. I'M COMING YOUR WAY TO GIVE YOU A REAL CLOSE LOOK.

THE CRAG'S OPENING FIRE.
SOME FOLK ARE HARD TO CONVINCE. COMMENCE EVASIVE PATTERN.


SARGE, YOU'RE CRAZY. YOU'RE GONNA GET US KILLED.
BW

THE LIZARDS HAVE CEASED FIRE.
MAJOR, SOMETHING'S COMING OVER THE AIR. THE BATTLEWAGON'S PICKING UP A TRANSMISSION.

MARRIS CONFRONTED HIS ENEMY . . .
YES, MATE, I'M HUMAN LIKE YOU. I'M COMING OVER TO GIVE YOU A CLOSER LOOK.
VERY WELL, BUT ANY TRICKERY AND YOU'LL BE VAPED.


SORRY YOU WERE FIRED ON, BUT MY COMMANDING OFFICER NEEDED PERSUADING YOU SHOULD BE LISTENED TO. BY THE WAY, I'M SERGEANT-MAJOR FLANNERY.
A FINE OLD LIZARD NAME. I'M SERGEANT MARRIS.

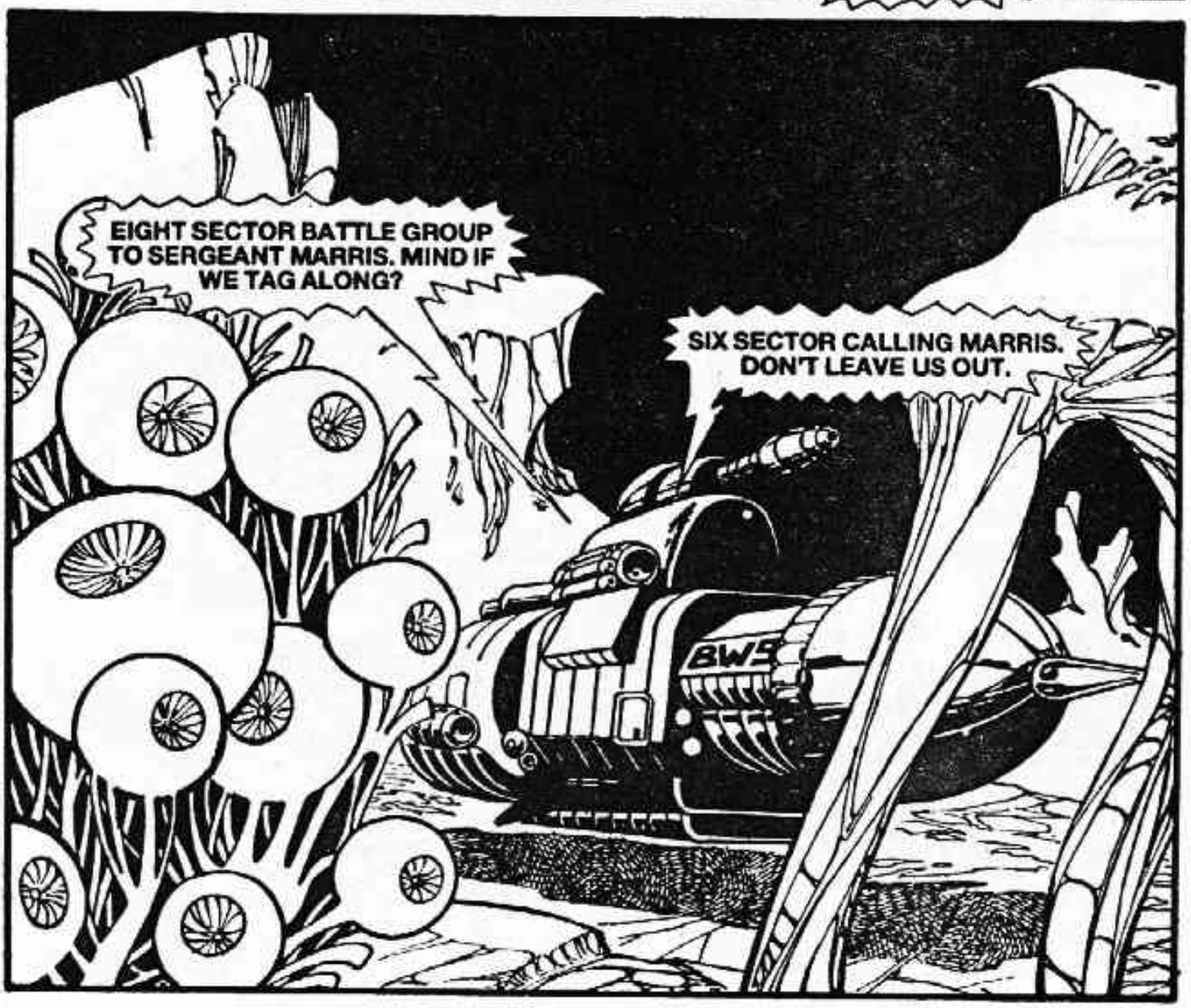
MARRIS, YOU AND YOUR CREW WILL DISEMBARK IN THE OUTER DOCK AND FOLLOW THE RED ARROW TO THE AIRLOCK, I SHOULD MENTION YOU'LL BE COVERED LIKE A BLANKET.
I'D EXPECT NO LESS, FLANNERY.

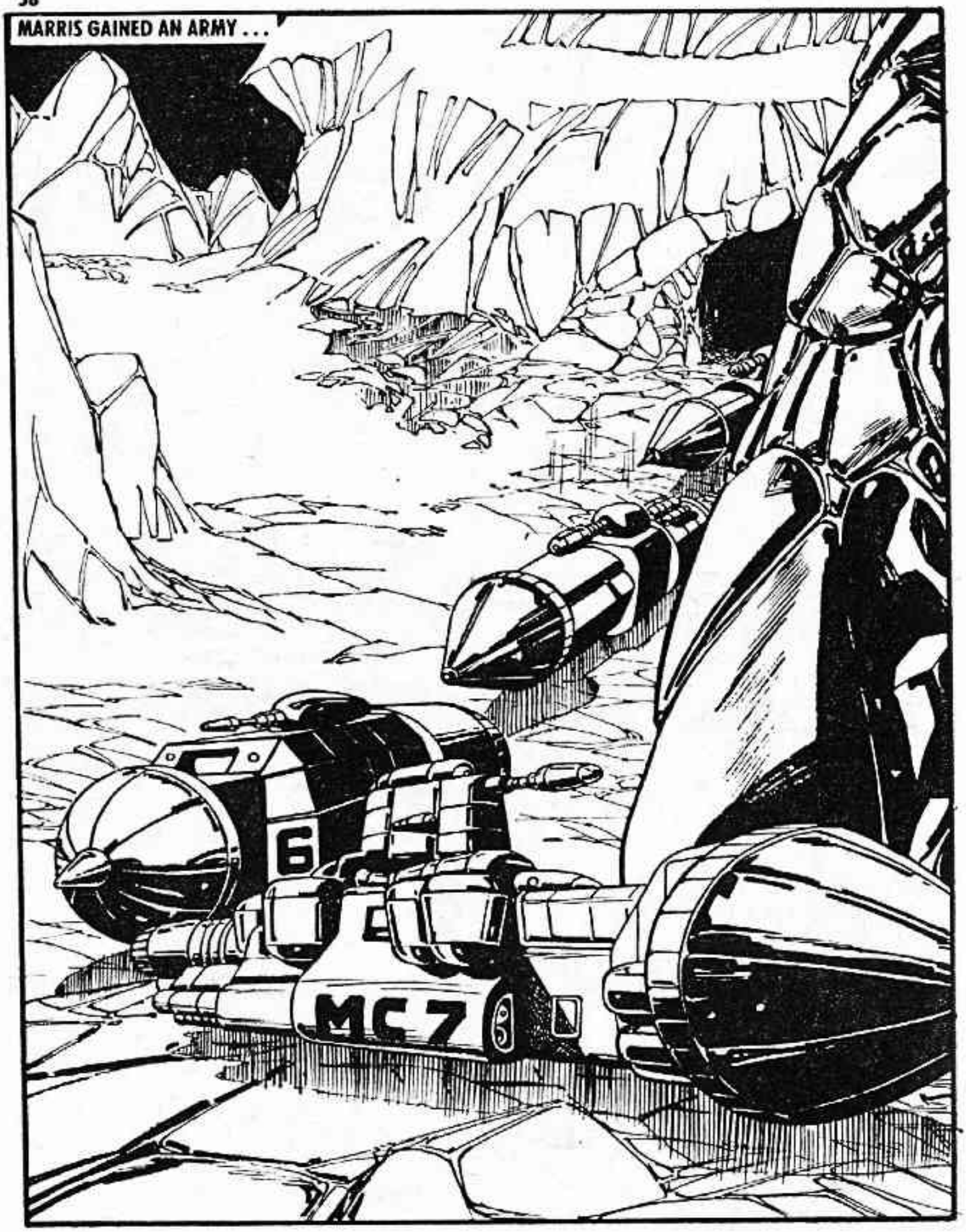
MARRIS AND HIS CREW ENTERED 'LIZARD' CRAG . . .
HOW DO WE KNOW YOU AREN'T PRISONERS BRAINWASHED BY THE LIZARDS?
FLANNERY YOU'D BETTER TALK TO MY C.O. I CAN RELAY YOU THROUGH THE SET ON MY BATTLEWAGON.

MAJOR TAKE A LOOK AT A LIZARD.
ALL RIGHT, MARRIS, I'M CONVINCED. I HAVE IT ALL ON DISC AND I'M TRANSMITTING IT OVER EVERY AVAILABLE CHANNEL TO EVERY UNIT I CAN REACH.

WHAT NOW, FLANNERY? DO WE GET VAPED OR ARE YOU GOING TO COPY MY C.O. AND BROADCAST TO YOUR PEOPLE?
MARRIS, I WAS CONVINCED BY MY FIRST SIGHT OF YOUR UGLY FACE. YOU CLEAN UP ON YOUR SIDE AND WE'LL DO THE SAME OVER HERE.
THE BATTLEWAGON PULLED OUT OF LIZARD CRAG . . .
FRIENDLY WAVES FROM LIZARDS. SARGE, YOU'VE ENDED THE WAR.
BW
NOT YET! WE STILL HAVE TO DEAL WITH THE MAIN ENEMY.

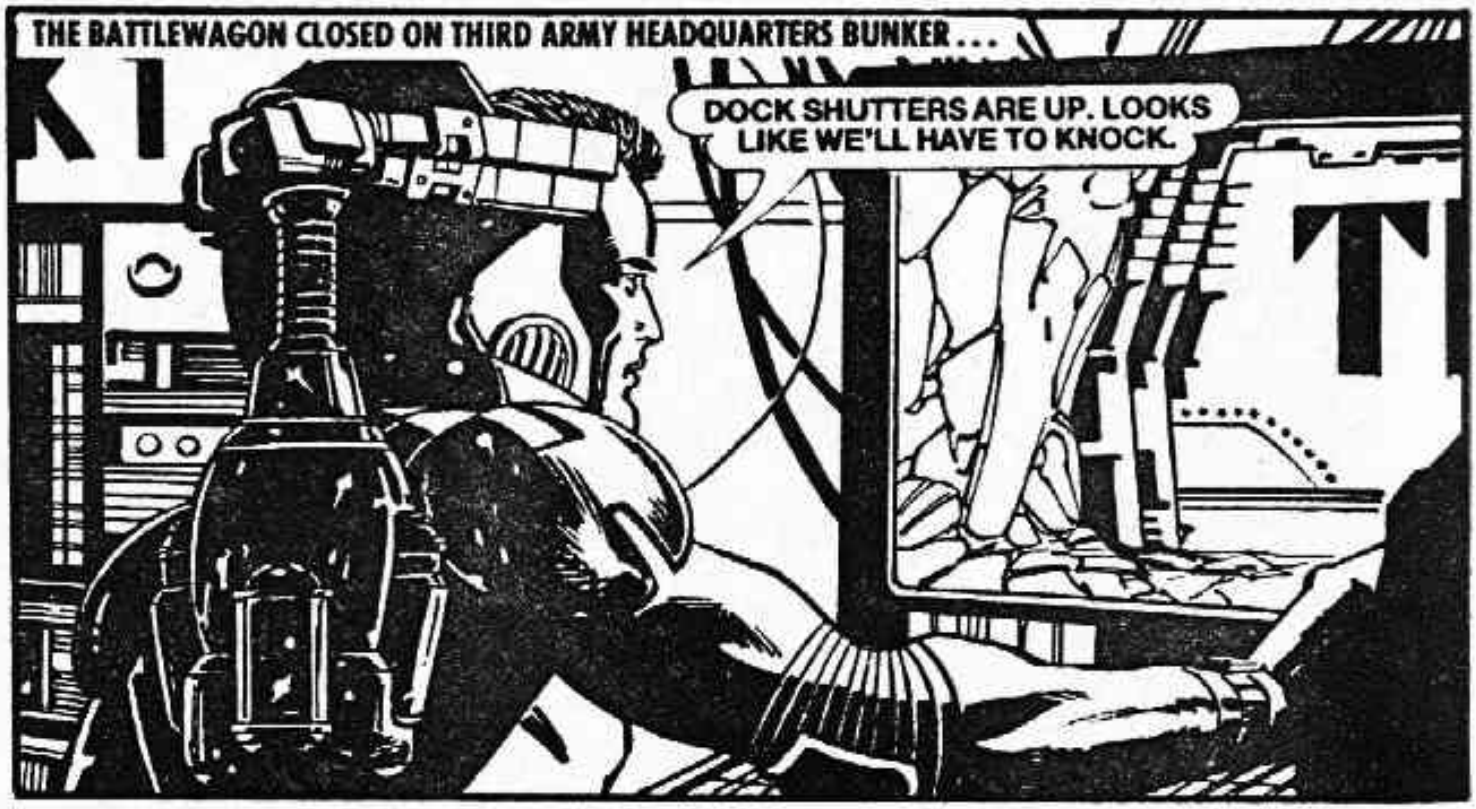
MAJOR, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE IN MIND, BUT I INTEND HEADING REARWARD FOR A VISIT TO THIRD ARMY HEADQUARTERS.
LEAD THE WAY, MARRIS. THE REST OF THE SQUADRON WILL BE BEHIND YOU.

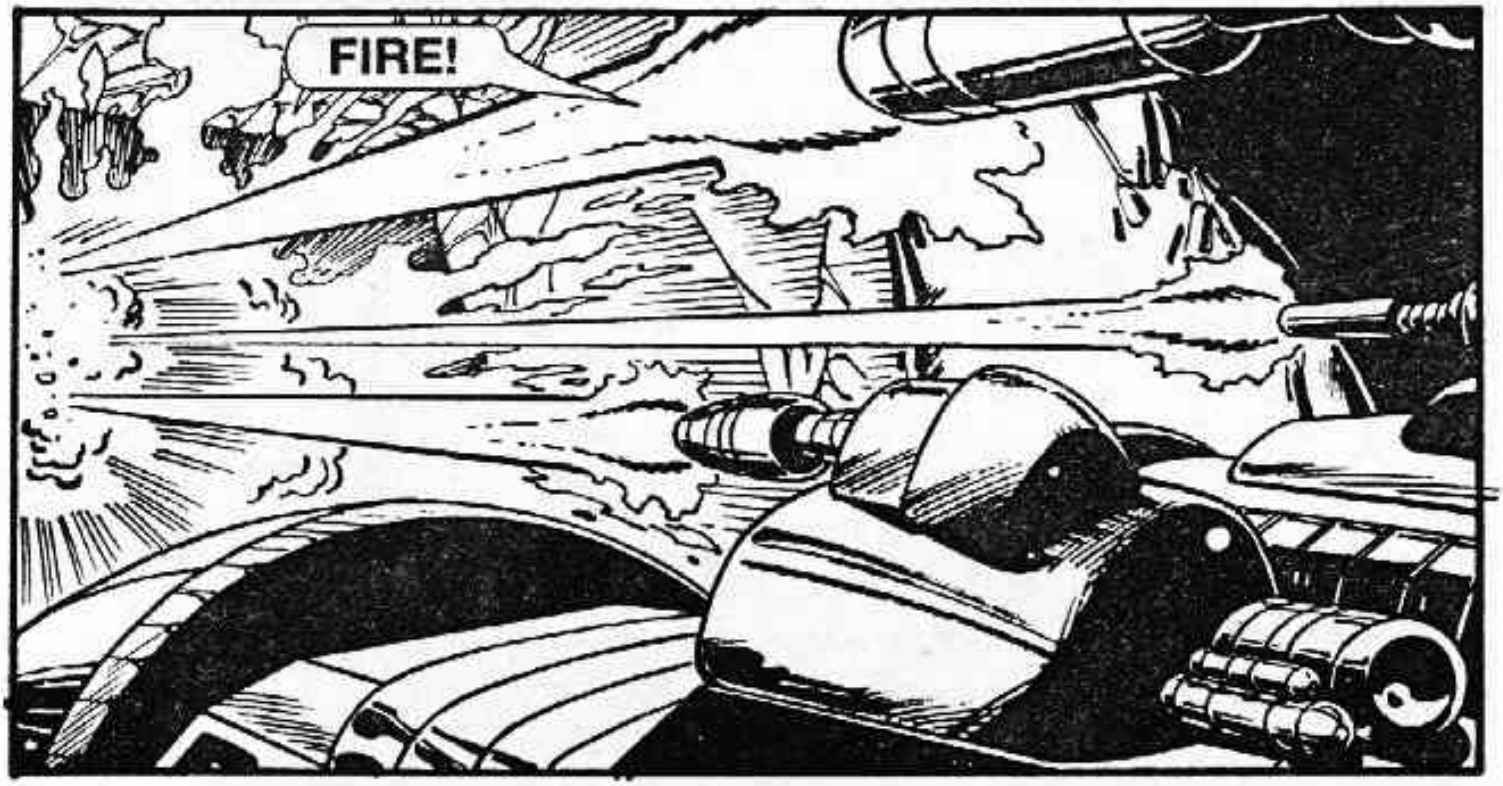

EIGHT SECTOR BATTLE GROUP TO SERGEANT MARRIS. MIND IF WE TAG ALONG?
SIX SECTOR CALLING MARRIS. DON'T LEAVE US OUT.
BW5


MARRIS GAINED AN ARMY . . .
6
MC7

AT GENERAL PLAK'S HQ—
OPPOSITION'S MELTING BEFORE THEM, GENERAL PLAK. THEY'LL BE HERE IN AN HOUR.
IF THEY CAN PASS THE HEADQUARTERS BASTION MANNED BY OUR PICKED MEN. I'LL HAVE A WORD WITH COLONEL CHANG.
DESTROY THEM, CHANG. YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU FAIL.
DON'T WORRY, SIR. MY CHAPS WILL DO THEIR DUTY.
IT'S UP TO US, CHAPS. FEED IN YOUR FIRE CONTROL PROGRAMMES ON ALL APPROACHES.
LIKE YOU SAY, COLONEL — IT'S UP TO US.

BEGGING YOUR PARDON, COLONEL, BUT THIS MUTINY IS SO POPULAR WE'VE DECIDED TO JOIN. WE ARE INFORMING SERGEANT MARRIS THAT HE WILL NOT BE FIRED ON.

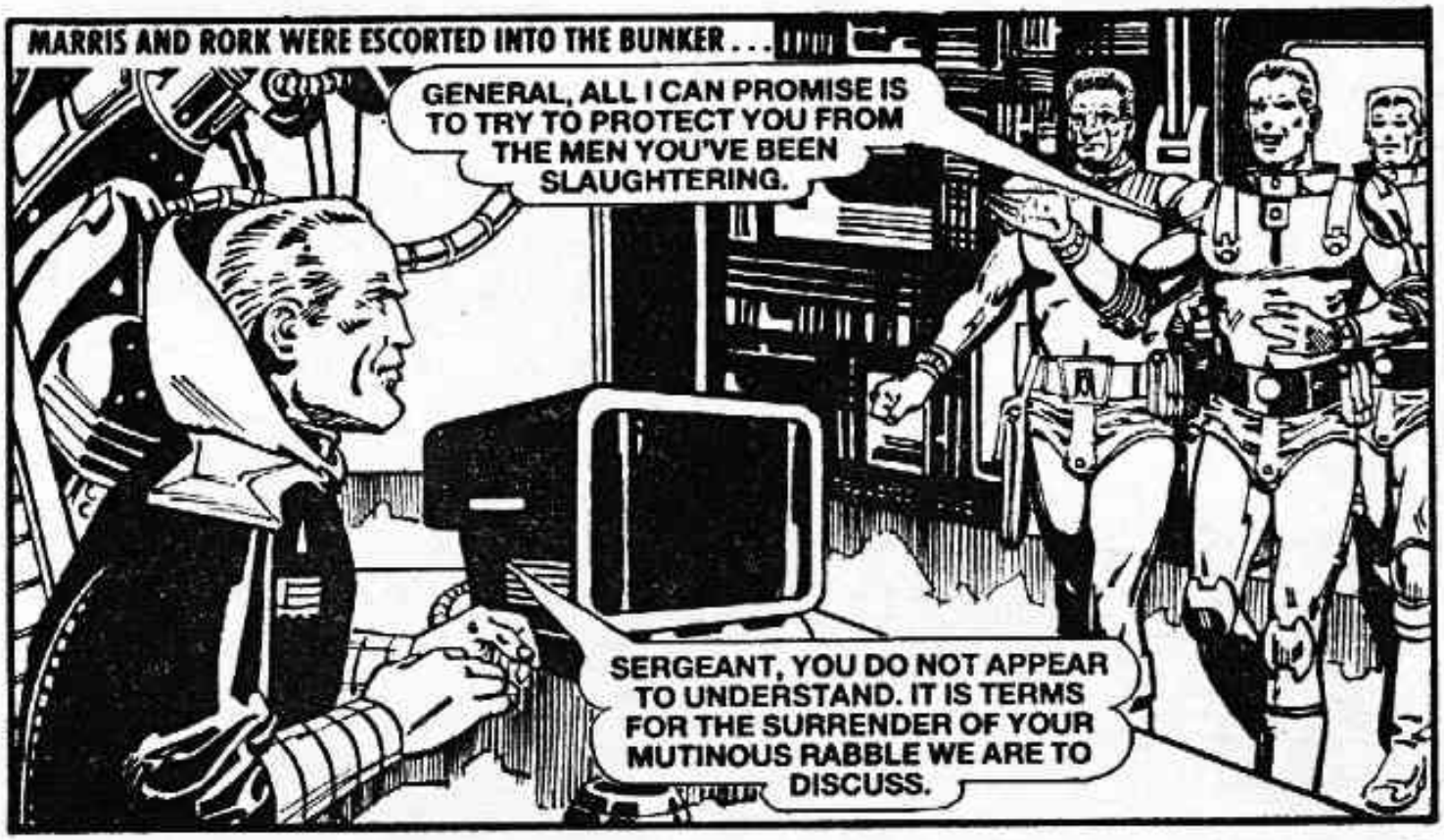

THE BATTLEWAGON CLOSED ON THIRD ARMY HEADQUARTERS BUNKER . . .
DOCK SHUTTERS ARE UP. LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO KNOCK.


FIRE!

WE'RE IN.
SARGE, WE'RE PICKING UP A TRANSMISSION.

GENERAL PLAK. NICE OF YOU TO CALL, SIR.
WE NEED TO DISCUSS TERMS, SERGEANT MARRIS. I OFFER YOU A TRUCE AND SAFE ESCORT TO MY COMMAND POST.

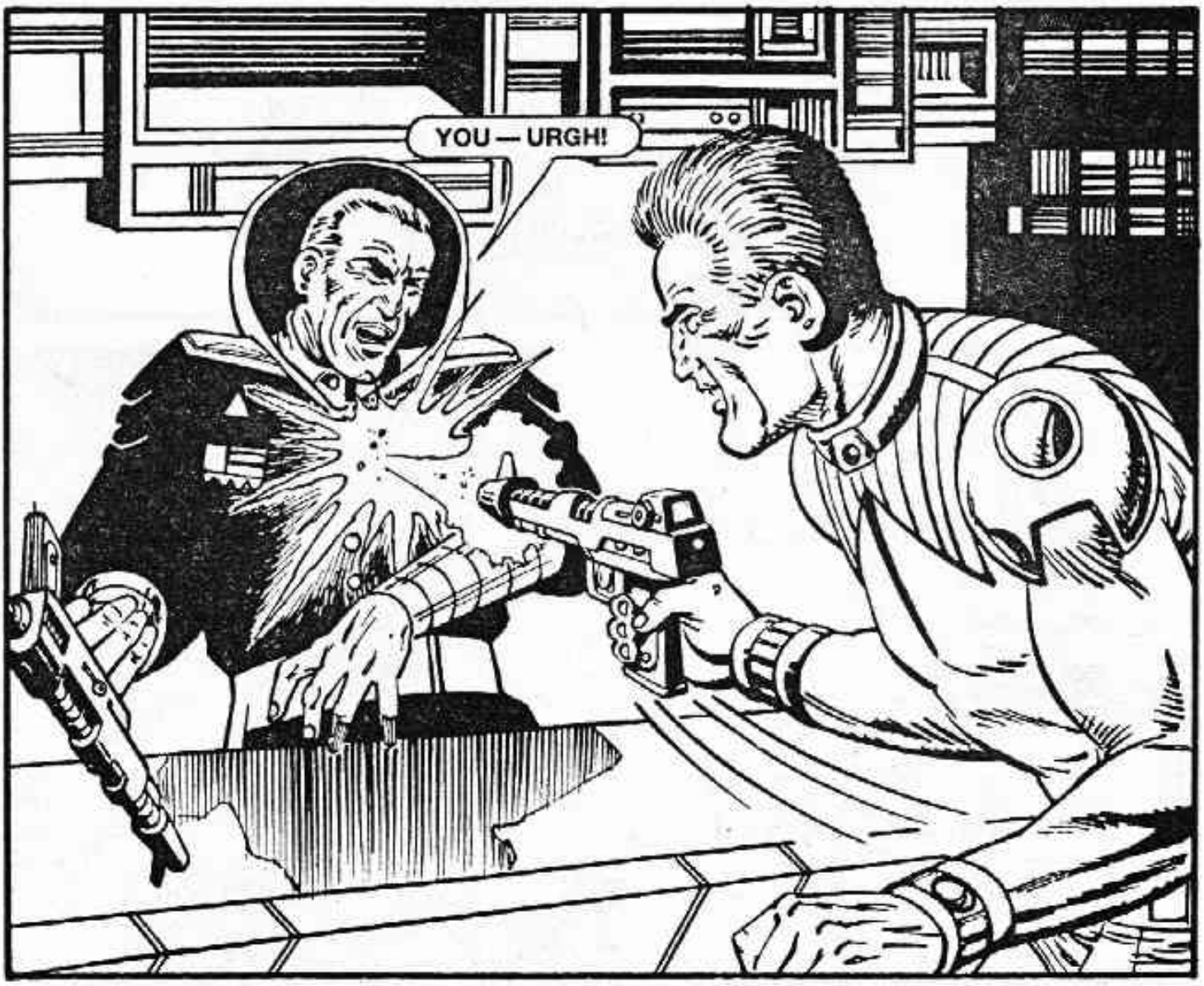
MY ORDERS SPECIFY ONLY MARRIS.
THEN GET 'EM CHANGED. I'M NOT LETTING THE SARGE GO AMONG YOU LOT ON HIS OWN.


MARRIS AND RORK WERE ESCORTED INTO THE BUNKER . . .
GENERAL, ALL I CAN PROMISE IS TO TRY TO PROTECT YOU FROM THE MEN YOU'VE BEEN SLAUGHTERING.
SERGEANT, YOU DO NOT APPEAR TO UNDERSTAND. IT IS TERMS FOR THE SURRENDER OF YOUR MUTINOUS RABBLE WE ARE TO DISCUSS.

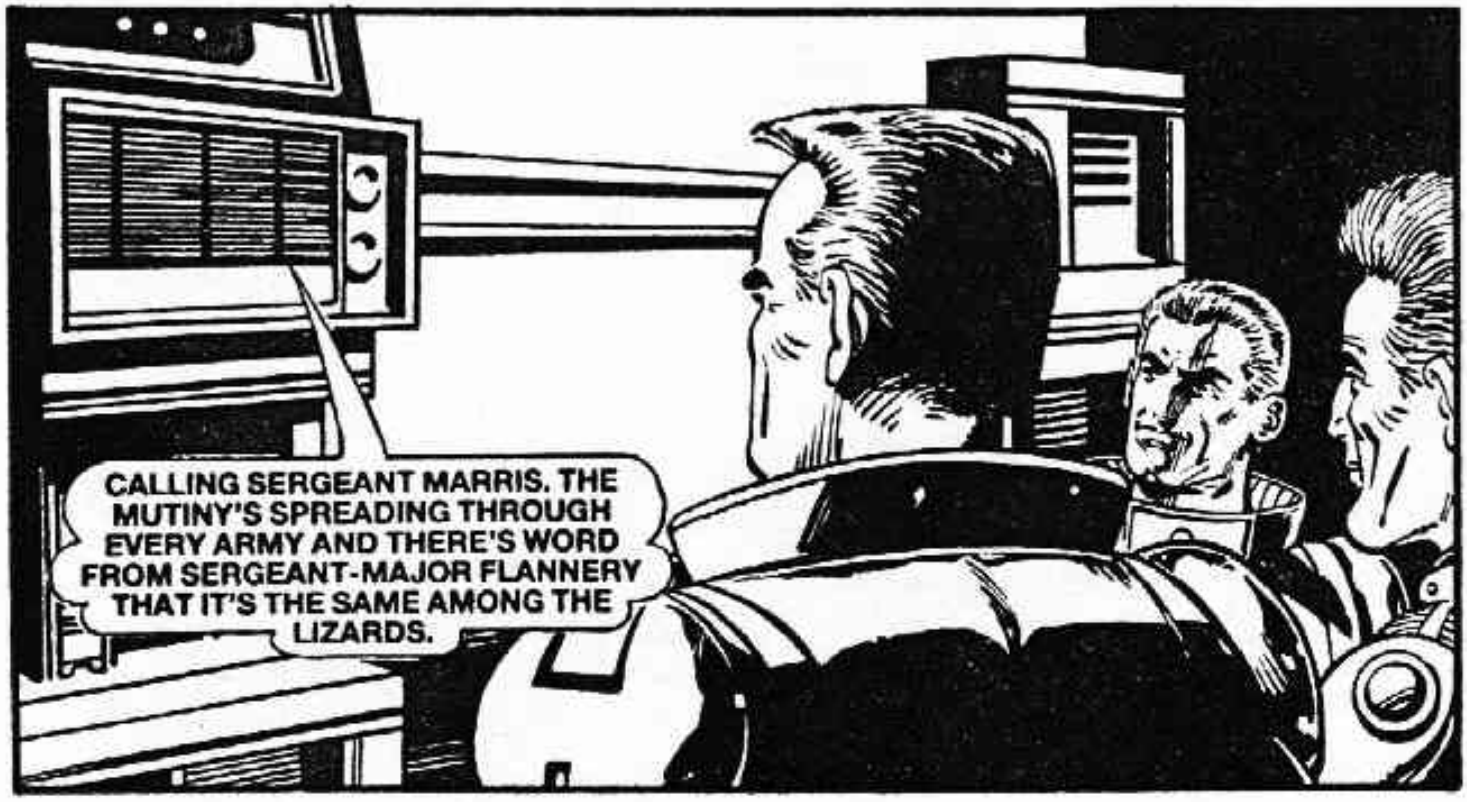
A7
I HOLD THE WINNING CARD, MARRIS — THERMO-NUCLEAR CAPABILITY. PRESSING THIS SWITCH MAKES THIS BUNKER DETONATION POINT FOR A TWO HUNDRED MEGATON EXPLOSION.

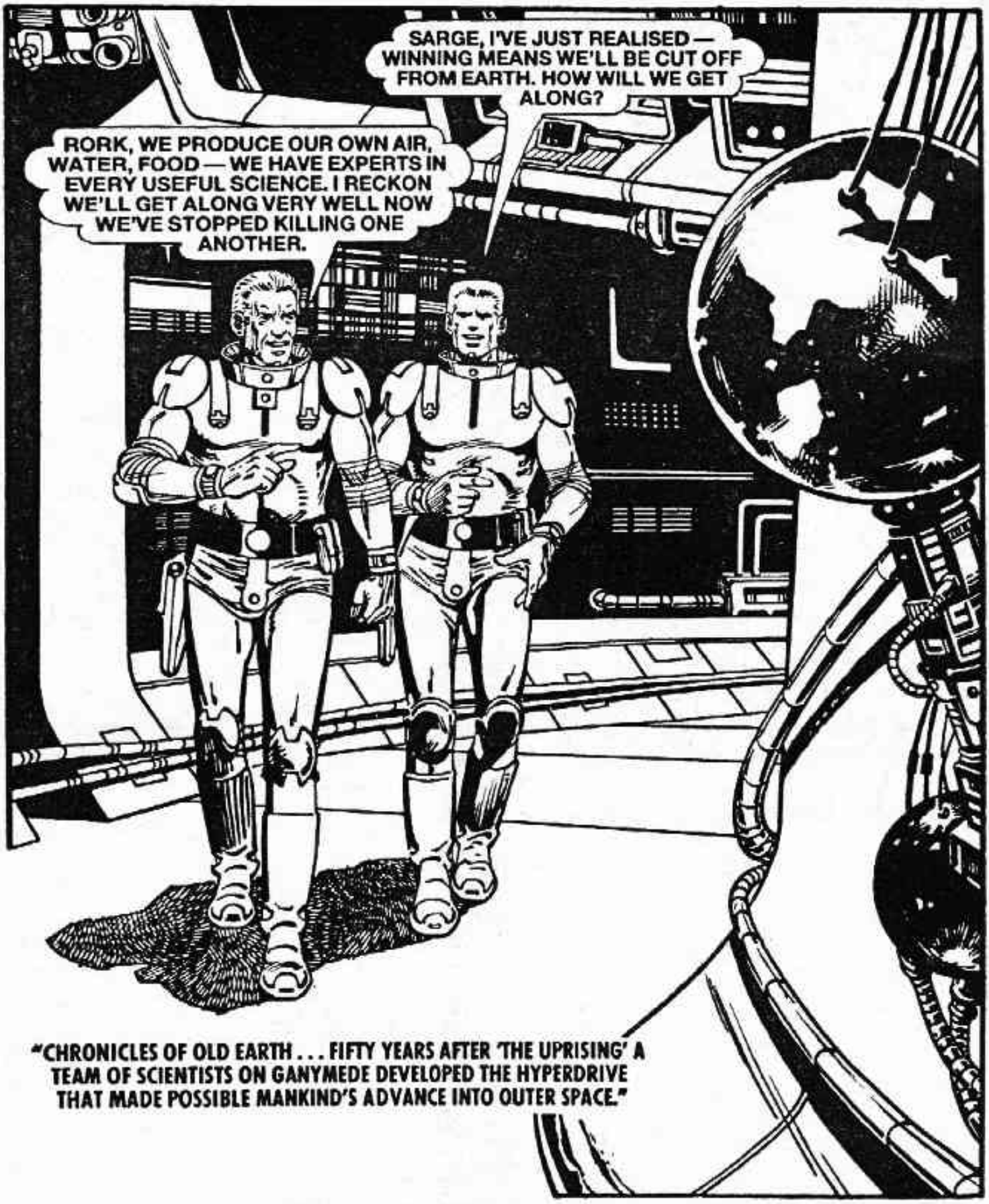
THEN I'LL PUSH IT!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING — AHHH! ARE YOU MAD? YOU'VE KILLED US ALL!

THE DEVICE IS SAFE — AND HAS BEEN FOR YEARS. STAFF OFFICERS HELD A PRIVATE CONFERENCE AT WHICH IT WAS DECIDED TO DE-PROGRAMME THE FIRING SYSTEMS AT EACH HEADQUARTERS BUNKER.
WHAT? YOU TRAITOR!


YOU — URGH!

I KNOW WE'RE WINNING WHEN OFFICERS DECIDE TO JOIN US.
DON'T THINK OF MEN LIKE ME AS VILLAINS, MARRIS. MOST OF US JUST TRIED TO SURVIVE WHILE WE WAITED FOR A DAY LIKE THIS TO COME.


CALLING SERGEANT MARRIS. THE MUTINY'S SPREADING THROUGH EVERY ARMY AND THERE'S WORD FROM SERGEANT-MAJOR FLANNERY THAT IT'S THE SAME AMONG THE LIZARDS.



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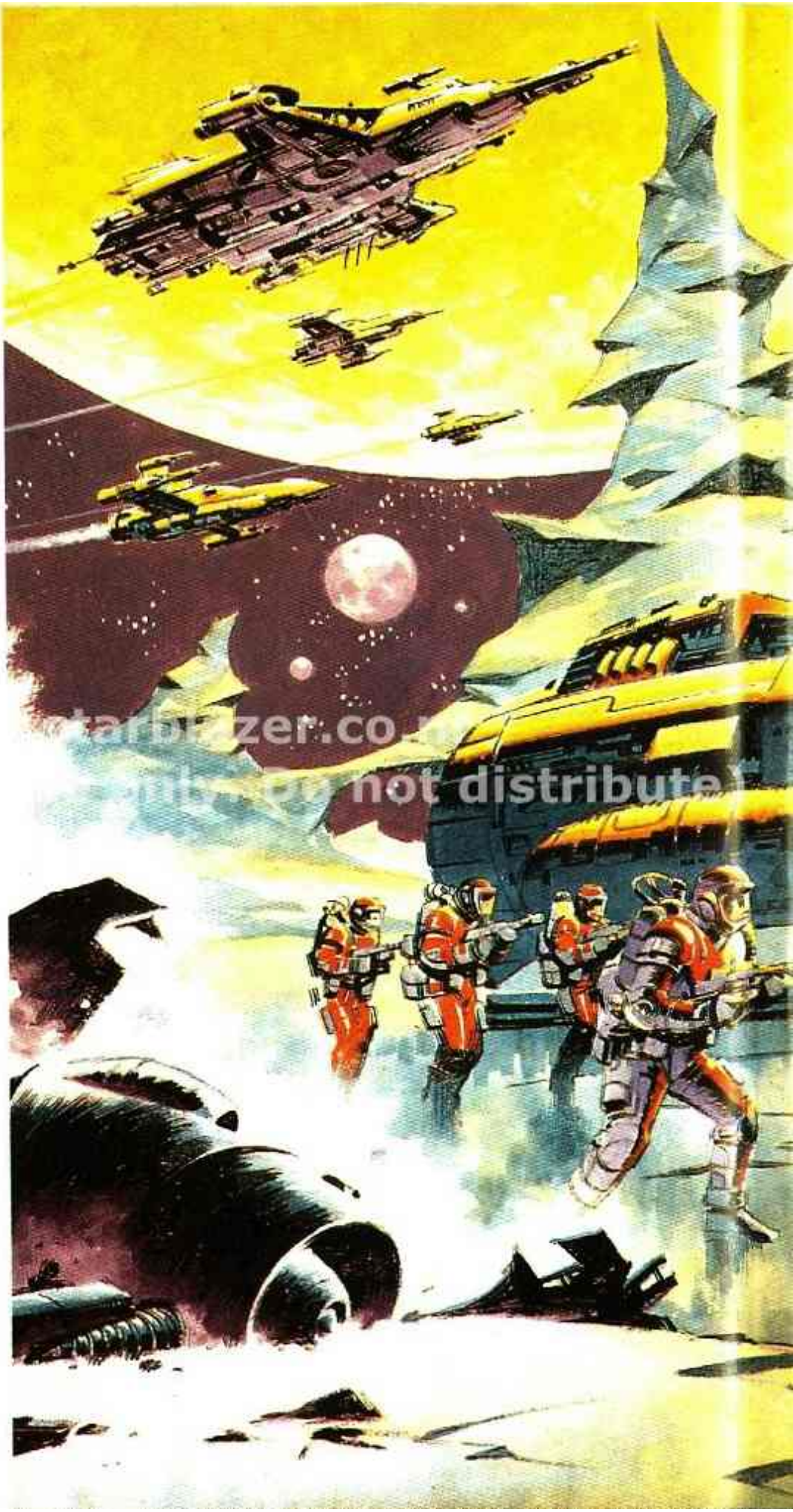

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